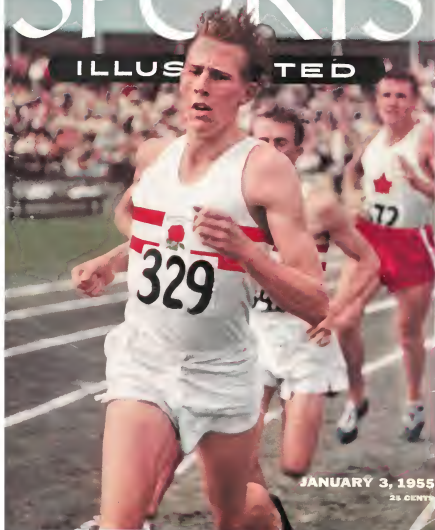


**ROGER BANNISTER: SPORTSMAN
OF THE YEAR**

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



JANUARY 3, 1955

25 CENTS



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PAT ON THE BACK

Herewith a salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world of sport, regardless of whether they have yet earned its tallest headlines.



SUZIE ZINSER loves horses so much she attended fashionable Skidmore College because it was near Saratoga, where she used to break horses before classes. Now 26, Suzie lives in Forest Hills, N.Y., trains horses for several stables, owns two racers herself. She began riding as a child in Stuttgart, Germany 19 years ago.



ART BEAUCHAMP of Flint, Mich., quacked expertly at flights of imaginary ducks in Stuttgart, Ark. to win the world duck-calling championship. Art uses his calls to good advantage in the field, bagged 300 ducks in 50 days this year. He says of his hobby simply: "It's in my blood."



GEORGE HEALEY, 71 (flanked by Detroit Racquet Club officers Jim Standish, left, and Ben Warren), has been teaching the fine points of squash racquets to Detroiters for 50 years. He came to the U.S. in 1903 from Plymouth, England, where his father owned a racquet club, began teaching at the Detroit club a year later. To celebrate his half century at the club, grateful members gave George a dinner, presented him with a \$1,000 check and portrait of himself.

MARGARET EDWARDS, shy, slim 15-year-old from Heston, Middlesex, England, suddenly emerged as Britain's best backstroke swimmer Dec. 9 by swimming 110 yards in 1:14, 100 yards in 1:07.2 to smash 14 records in a single race. Margaret learned to swim five years ago because her cousins were doing it. She hopes to enter the 1956 Olympics, plans to be a domestic-science teacher after she graduates from college.



JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

As captain in a Rose Bowl game, do you believe that the Ivy League decision to ban spring football practice and postseason bowl games is good for football?

PAUL J. REIDER, University of Pittsburgh, 1933



"No. Banning spring practice acts as subterfuge to satisfy alumni for loss of games. That's easier than giving coaches good material. As for bowl games, one of the high lights of my life was the Rose Bowl trip. The way we were treated there was almost beyond the average boy's comprehension."

H. R. (Peter) PUND, Georgia Tech, 1929



"Emphatically no. Football is a tough game, but not dangerous for a properly coached boy. The few weeks of fall practice are too short to absorb fundamentals and get into 'safe' condition. It's a unique honor to play in bowl games. Eliminating them will harm football in the long run."

BUZZ ANDREWS, Brown University, 1934
Rose Bowl game, 1934



"I don't like the ban on spring practice. This conditioning period helps cut down injuries in the fall. But I do favor de-emphasis in the Ivy League. A ban on bowl games is proper. Our players are not solicited, paid athletes. They can't compete against lax-eligibility teams."

ALEX SARKISIAN, Northwestern, 1949



"No. If you win, football fans flock to the games. If you lose, the university loses money and the coach is fired. This year Ivy League football hit rock bottom. I'll admit that bowl games may interfere with studies. Anyway I would have traded our Rose Bowl victory in 1949 for the Big Ten title."

NEWSH BENTZ, Penn State, 1923



"Yes. Ivy League teams that played in the Rose Bowl were Brown, Columbia, Harvard and Penn. They feel this ban will have no ill effect, but will put the game on a purely collegiate basis. Ivy League teams will play in their own class. Other colleges are undoubtedly watching for the results."

ADAM WALSH, Notre Dame, 1925



"No. If football is of educational value in the fall, why does it lose its value in spring? Why eliminate bowl games and sanction competition in other sports? We need re-emphasis of football values, not de-emphasis. Eliminating spring practice and banning bowl games won't cure football ills."

FRANK SINKWICH, University of Georgia, 1943



"There must be good reasons for the ruling of the Ivy League. Myself, I believe bowl games and spring practice benefit everyone. The boy, the school, the alumni, the merchants and the cities benefit. I consider it a privilege to play in any bowl game. It's a wonderful experience."

JERRY DALRYMPLE, Tulane University, 1932



"No. Spring practice is necessary for perfection. Captaining the Tulane Rose Bowl team was one of the greatest experiences of my life. It was a wonderful reward for our team's play. Properly controlled, bowl games will be as good for college football as the World Series is for baseball."



"No. Mastery of fundamentals, blocking, tackling, must be perfected in spring practice. Fall sessions are chiefly devoted to sharpening team play. Sophomores, particularly, need spring practice. Ivy League has on bowl games will have no effect. Their teams are rarely bowl material."

R. A. (Bones) HAMILTON, Stanford, 1918



"Quite the contrary. Football is the heart of collegiate life. Dismissing it, bit by bit, in the elimination of spring practice and the ban of bowl games, is only going to cripple the finest form of collegiate Americana. Can debating groups or intramural sports give America an equal lift?"

CHUCK STUDLEY, University of Illinois, 1952



"Yes. This is part of an over-all educational program to de-emphasize football. Spring practice is as hard as fall. Its elimination will help de-emphasize. Even though the ban on bowl games will help de-emphasize, it is unpopular. How else can a boy get a three weeks' vacation in sunny California?"

STAN WILLIAMSON, University of So. California, 1932



"No. Spring practice is necessary for the safety of players. As regards the ban on bowl games, our democratic system is based on competition. Bowl games play their part. The individuals, the school, the community—all gain something from these games. They help make America what it is."



She shot the ashes off the Kaiser's cigaret



HER name was Phoebe Moeze and she was born in Darke County, Ohio, in 1860, and she could shoot the head off a running quail when she was twelve years old.

Once, at the invitation of Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany, she knocked the ashes off a cigaret while he was holding it in his mouth.

When she out-shot the great exhibition marksman, Frank Butler, he fell in love with her and married her and they were ideally happy together for the rest of their long lives.

She could handle a rifle or a six-gun with an artistry unsurpassed by that of any human being before her time or, probably, since. And when she appeared with Sitting Bull and other notables in Colonel Cody's Wild West Show, she thrilled your father and mother—not as Phoebe Anne Oakley Moeze but as "Little Sure Shot," the immortal Annie Oakley.

Annie Oakley, the poor back-country orphan girl who made her way to world-wide fame, was the very spirit of personal independence. That spirit is just as much alive in our generation as it was in hers. It is among the great assets of our people—and our nation. And it is one very great reason why our country's Savings Bonds are perhaps the finest investment in the world today.

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

As part of its preparation for the next three booming months in skiing, which give every indication of being the biggest in history, SI presented three weeks ago *Skiing in Europe*: a review of the areas, resorts and events on the continent by the man most qualified to write it, Sir Arnold Lunn. Although his name may not be familiar to all our readers, none is better known in international ski circles; and this has been so for more than 40 years of his campaign to spread the fun and raise the standard of skiing wherever there is snow and ski boot fits binding.



Sir Arnold is responsible for an imposing list of firsts in skiing, but probably his most important contribution came out of his relentless fight for the recognition of downhill racing and slalom as legitimate forms of ski activity. In 1921 and 1922 he himself drew up the first rules for these events.

He regarded the downhill, rather than the cross country (or up- and downhill) of Scandinavian heritage, as the logical race for Alpine terrain, arguing simply that "the best way to test downhill skiing is to race downhill." He was also outspokenly convinced that the modern slalom, which he developed, emphasizing speed and proficiency, was a better challenge to skill than the old one in which skiers were judged on the controversial elements of grace and style.

Among the many protectors of skiing traditions in the '20s these ideas did not go down as swiftly and smoothly as skis on packed snow. But they eventually prevailed. In 1930 the Federation Internationale de Ski officially recognized downhill and slalom; in 1936 these became standard events in the Winter Olympics, where Sir Arnold has ever since presided over the running of the slalom; and today the great skiing competitions everywhere fall into four divisions: jumping, cross country, downhill racing and slalom.

With Hannes Schneider, in 1928, Sir Arnold organized the Arlberg Kandahar, the first international open combined downhill-slalom race, which now has become the blue ribbon event of Alpine skiing. Only two weeks ago he stopped off at SI's offices before leaving for Murren, where he will spend the winter and on March 11, 12 supervise the 20th running of the Arlberg Kandahar. He had just ended two and one half months of lectures to various ski clubs in this country and was straight from a luncheon meeting with the New York Amateur Ski Club where, as active as ever at 66, he was exploring the possibility of establishing in 1956 a New England Kandahar.

It's a pleasant thought that we may soon have in this country a new race in the best tradition of skiing—and surely a fitting honor to the man whose name is so large a part of that tradition.

Harry Phillips

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The editors choose Roger Bonniester as SI's first Sportsman of the Year and GERALD HOLLAND takes a long backward look at the whole wonderful world of sport in the year just ending. Illustrated with photographs from the magazine and a two-page salute in caricature by JOE KAUFFMAN to 54 other top sports personalities

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That, in effect, is what a jai alai player has to be. OCTAVUS ROY COHEN describes the game, and MARK KAUFFMAN shows it in a great COLOR Spectacle

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Field trials provide a fine opportunity for pointers, setters, spaniels and beagles—not to mention their owners—to show off. By REGINALD WELLS

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Next best thing to a trip to this tiny isle JOHN GROTH's spectacular water colors and appreciative prose

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After four years of trying, the U.S. recaptures the Davis Cup

ROGER BONNIESTER: SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR



COVER: Roger Bonniester

Photograph by MARK KAUFFMAN

When SI Staff Photographer Mark Kauffman arrived at Vancouver for the British Empire Games last August, he tested out various locations along the cinder track in preparation for photographing what turned out to be the "Miracle Mile." In one of these test shots, he caught SI's Sportsman of the Year (page 6) running easily in his qualifying heat. It was a good spot, for it was precisely here that Bonniester went surging by handy in the Miracle Mile

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE HOWS AND WHYS OF THE BOWLS

Four famous football coaches will cover the New Year's Day games for SI. The line-up:

- At the Sugar Bowl, SI's own HERMAN HICKMAN.
- At the Rose Bowl, RED SANDERS of UCLA.
- At the Cotton Bowl, BUD WILKINSON of Oklahoma.
- At the Orange Bowl, GENERAL NEYLAND of Tennessee.

THE DEPARTMENTS:

1 **Pat on the Back:** Praise for those not already smothered with it

2 **Hotbox:** JIMMY JEMAIL asks: Should spring football practice be banned? (Asked of former Rose Bowl captains.)

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66 **The 134th Hole:** The readers take over

THE UNTOLD STORY OF
JACK DEMPSEY'S EARLY YEARS

A distinguished biographer, ROBERT COUGHLIN, tells the heart-warming tale of a "mama's boy" who learned to use his fists.

PLUS:

- THE DAVIS CUP BY BILLY TALBERT
- RACING AT SANTA ANITA, SKIING IN AFRICA, BOTH IN COLOR



1954 & ITS SPORTSMAN: ROGER BANNISTER

by **GERALD HOLLAND**

The year brought shining performances in a host of sports, but the electrifying running of history's first four-minute miler—a man of no fanfare—made him year's pre-eminent man of sport

IF EVER a good speech ruined a dinner it was that delivered by Dr. Roger Gilbert Bannister to the English Sportswriters Association on Dec. 9. Speaking easily and with natural poise, Bannister recalled for his listeners the drudgery of training, through winter rain and mud, that led to the first four-minute mile. He spoke of the companionship of effort—on the part of his pacemakers, Chris Chatway and Chris Brasher—"that turned even the drudgery into a pleasure." Then, in a few words, he brought his great year, and his great career, to an end, and sent his newspapermen hosts scattering to telephones:

"Now that I am taking up a hospital appointment," said Roger Bannister, "I shall have to give up international athletics. I shall not have sufficient time to put up a first-class performance. There would be little satisfaction for me in a second-rate performance, and it would be wrong to give one when representing my country."

The speech was typical of the tall, thin, unathletic-looking 25-year-old who on May 6 electrified the world by running the mile in 3:59.4, then did it again by beating Australia's John Landy in a duel of four-minute men, in 3:58.8 at Vancouver's Empire Games. There is no fuss and fanfare about Bannister. When he was asked to explain that first four-minute mile—and the art of record-breaking—he answered with original directness: "It's the ability to take more out of yourself than you've got." Before his first big mile, he had spent hour after hour charting his own racing metabolism, but when he was invited to speak earnestly about his running style, he said: "You run best the way you're made to run."

Bannister was made to run with long, steady, deceptive-by-easy-looking strides—and, for a finisher—the electric burst of final speed that caught John Landy a few yards from the tape at Vancouver. By coincidence, on the same day that Bannister announced his retirement, Landy said that he believed his days of competition were over too. The great Australian miler, whose 3:58 at Turku, Finland, is



MEDICAL INTERN now, Bannister puts in 15 hours a day in a London hospital, will spend two years in army med corps.

still the world record for the mile, is, like Bannister, buckling down to a career. In Landy's case it will be school teaching. From Landy, who himself provided one of the most dramatic performances of the year, or any year, came this tribute to Bannister at Vancouver: "I had hoped that the pace would be so fast that he would crack. . . . He didn't. When you get a man in that sort of situation and he doesn't crack, you do."

It was a year of shining performances in a host of sports—by personalities recognizable simply as Willie and Yogi and Dusty and Rocky and Billy Joe and Banana Nose and the Dancer and Hopalong and Crazylegs. It was a year of zealous pursuit of a hundred other sports by tens of
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FIRST FORMAL PORTRAIT of Doctor Bannister reflects the keenness and modest gentility that are characteristics of the young athlete who, in 1954, achieved one of sport's great goals.

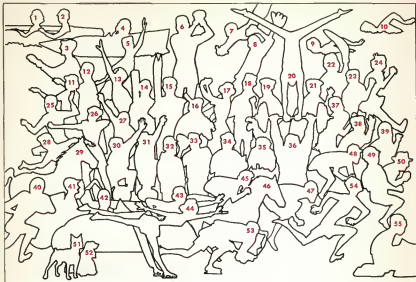
Turn the page for an animated gallery of the sports headlines of '54. (Key is on page 10.)





Joe Kaufman

KEY TO GALLERY OF HEADLINERS



WHITE HOUSE SPORTSMAN



NATIONAL EXAMPLE for sportsmen everywhere was set by the President of the United States, an expert trout fisherman, a sharp-shooting quail and pheasant hunter and devoted golfer.

1-Allegre Mertz, Women's North American All Class Sailing champion. 2-Gene Walek, Men's North American All Class Sailing champion. 3-Roy Norton, fly casting expert. 4-Stanley Sayres, owner of Gold Cup winner *Six-Mo-Skay V*. 5-Tom Gola, All-America center from La Salle. 6-Rocky Marciano, successfully defended heavyweight title twice. 7-Pat McCormick, winner of five AAU diving titles. 8-Willie Mays, National League's leading batter and MVP. 9-Shelley Mann, winner of five AAU swimming titles. 10-Ford Konno, set records in 220-yard, 200, and 400-meter free style. 11-Carola Mandel, first woman to win National Skeet Shooting title. 12-Nick Egan, winner of Grand American Handicap trap shoot. 13-Patrick O'Brien, first man to put 16-pound shot over 60 feet. 14-Len Hutton, captain of England's cricket team. 15-Steen Erikson, world's top skier. 16-Jim (Dusty) Rhodes, won first game of Series for Giants with pinch-hit homer. 17-Babe Zaharias, conquered cancer, won National Women's Open. 18-Billy Joe Patton, amateur golfing sensation. 19-Ed Furgol, winner of National Open. 20-Valentine Masouris, leader of World Champion Russian gymnast squad. 21-Pierre Etchebaster, court tennis champion since 1928. 22-Guillermo, jai alai star. 23-Vic Sebas, National Singles champion, ranked No. 1 in U.S. 24-Maureen Connolly, women's singles winner at Wimbledon. 25-Eduardo Mangarotti, Italian fencing ace. 26-Jean Richards, international archery champion. 27-Guy Zimmerman, world champion horse-

shoe pitcher. 28-Willie Moseack, pocket billiard star. 29-Wing Commander, top show horse of all time. 30-Don Carter, Bowler of Year. 31-J. Ken Watson of Canada, star curling performer. 32-Terry Brennan, 26, coached Notre Dame to 9-1 record in his first season. 33-Otto Graham, quarterback Cleveland Browns to NFL title. 34-Buddy Parker, coach of Detroit Lions. 35-Mikhail Botvinnik, world's top chess player, captain of Russian team. 36-Doug Hepburn of Canada, winner heavyweight weightlifting title at Empire Games. 37-Eddie Choong of Malaya, winner of All-England and U.S. Men's Singles Badminton. 38-Vic Hershkovitz, winner 16th U.S. handball title. 39-Ichiro Ogimura of Japan, World Table Tennis Singles champion. 40-Howard (Hopalong) Cassidy, Ohio State All-American halfback. 41-Jim Kimberly, sports car racing champion. 42-Jimmy Bryan, National AAA Big Car champion. 43-Hayes Alan Jenkins, Men's Figure Skating champion. 44-Tenley Albright, Women's Figure Skating champion. 45-Eddie Arcaro, top jockey. 46-Nashua, top 2-year-old colt. 47-Fausto Coppi of Italy, world champion cyclist. 48-Hans Winkler of Germany, equestrian star. 49-Cecil Smith, top-ranking polo player. 50-Jim Fitzsimmons, veteran horse trainer. 51-Ch. Bang Away, first to win 100 best-in-shows. 52-Ch. Rise and Shine, best-in-show at Westminster. 53-Maurice Richard, hockey's outstanding (400 goals) star. 54-Roger Bannister, S.I.'s Sportsman of the Year. 55-Fritz Feilerabend, pilot of world champion Swiss bobbed team.

millions of leisure-time sportsmen, from the President of the United States on down. The cast of candidates was tremendous—and yet, when it came to picking the Sportsman of the Year, the compelling choice was the man who set himself an athlete's severest challenge, the four-minute mile; who met the challenge superbly (in exchange for a couple of small, inexpensive medals), and then turned to the next challenge, that of a strenuous profession; the miller-turned doctor, Roger Bannister.

THE RUSSIAN PHENOMENON

In sporting circles behind the Iron Curtain, the voluntary retirement of both Bannister and Landy must have seemed incredible. In Russia and the satellite countries, a Bannister and a Landy would almost certainly be persuaded that their greatest value lay not in practicing medicine or teaching school, but in training for the 1956 Olympic Games.

What Russia was doing by way of preparation for these Olympics made one of the continuing big stories of the year. Superbly trained Russian athletes swept the European Games in Switzerland, humiliated Canada at its own national game of ice hockey, put England to shame in the historic regatta at Henley and won victories in speed skating, basketball, weightlifting, gymnastics, wrestling and soccer. Word even came from Russia of efforts to teach tennis and *Winds* to Soviet youngsters—most of whom, heretofore, have barely heard of these fascinating preoccupations.

RAY HEY!

Baseball's electric character of the year was Willie Mays of the New York Giants.

On the day he reported for spring training, even before he put on a uniform, Willie gave a hint of what was to come. Handed a contract by Manager Leo Durocher, Willie said quickly: "Where's the pen?"

"Wait a minute, Willie," said Leo, "read the contract first and see what you're going to get paid."

"Don't care nothing about that," said Willie. "You say it's okay to sign and I'll sign. Only thing I care about is playing ball." Then Willie signed and went out on the field and, first time at bat, banged out a home run.

Willie was almost too good to be true. He played ball with a joyousness that communicated itself to every-

one in the ball park and even made itself felt through a television screen. Willie did everything superbly well: running, throwing, fielding and hitting. He caught fly balls that were absolutely and mathematically impossible to get—notably an unforgettable one in the first game of the World Series. And Willie, an unlettered 24-year-old from the red-clay country of Alabama, invented a new phrase expressing pure exuberance, and, in all likelihood, left it part of the American language: "Say hey!"

As the season wore on, his admirers—and that included everyone who saw him—lived in secret fear that Willie was a flash. He would go into a slump or, worse, his head would be turned by the fuss that was being made over him. But after a game in which he had driven the fans wild with excitement, Willie—likely as not—might be found playing stick ball with some kids in a Harlem street. He was no flash in the pan; he kept up the pace right down to the final day of the season when he won the batting championship of the National League. Properly enough, he was voted the National League's Most Valuable Player.

It was Willie's year, but it also was the year the Yankees lost the pennant. Casey Stengel's five-time winners fell—though they did not fall apart. Actually, they won more games than in any one of their five straight championship years. But Cleveland, with a pitching staff that looked great all season, won more. The Indians piled up 111 victories, a record that sent them into the Series supremely confident—and blissfully ignorant of what was to come.

The National League made a better race of it. Milwaukee and Brooklyn put in strong bids for the pennant, but injuries handicapped both teams. The Dodgers suffered when Catcher Roy Campanella hurt his hand, and the Braves' best chances went glimmering when Outfielder Bobby Thomson broke an ankle in spring training. Ironically, the Braves gave up Johnny Antonelli to get Thomson from the Giants—and Antonelli won 21 games for New York. ("He should be most valuable," said Willie Mays.)

High as everybody was on Willie and the Giants, nobody was prepared for their astounding four straight victories in the World Series, a debacle in which the great Cleveland pitching staff was humiliated most cruelly by the pinch-hitting of Dusty Rhodes. Thanks to the spaciousness of the Polo Grounds and Cleveland's Municipal

Stadium, the players drew the largest Series checks in history (\$11,147 each for the winners, \$6,712 for the losers).

Over the season, Milwaukee fans once more proved to be the most passionately loyal in baseball. The Braves' home attendance came to 2,131,388, an increase of 300,000 over 1953's record-breaking year. Another city enjoyed the novelty of big-league ball as Baltimore adopted the St. Louis Browns and disguised them as the Orioles. The deception did not last for long as the transplanted club continued to play like the Browns. But still the year's home attendance came to 1,060,910 (as many as the old Browns used to draw in four or five home seasons), and the Orioles juggled themselves into a \$842,153 profit for their first season.

Another major league ball club looked prayerfully forward to a change of scene for 1955. After a soap opera saga in which the sons of Connie Mack and fiery Philadelphia patriots made noisy, tearful, but inept efforts to save the old team, Arnold Johnson of Chicago succeeded in buying the Athletics and moving them to Kansas City.

A SKYFUL OF PIGSKIN

Colleges as usual found football expensive—and here and there resolved at the end of the season to de-emphasize or (e.g., Fordham) give up the game. But such news gave only a partial picture of college football in '54. Season long the U.S. sky was full of pigskin, as 615 colleges and more than 200 junior colleges—a growing phenomenon in themselves—fielded football teams.

Super-shows like Army-Navy and the Rose Bowl were 100,000-seat sell-outs. The meeting of UCLA and Southern California drew 103,000 to the Los Angeles Coliseum on an afternoon when the thermometer registered 110°.

UCLA was one of the nation's three undefeated major teams but was ineligible to play in the Rose Bowl because it had won that honor the year before. Oklahoma and Ohio State also had perfect records for the season. Brilliantly coached by Woody Hayes, Ohio State went into the 1955 Rose Bowl after a season as the big surprise of the Big Ten.

With the Detroit Lions and Cleveland
continued on next page

On the next five pages: some of the events and personalities of the 1954 sports scene as reflected in memorable photographs from the SI album



BUCKING BRONC at Calgary Stampede threw himself high in air to unseat rider.



CHRISTY RING of County Cork (right) dazed American in game of hurling, an Irish sport combining elements of hockey, golf, baseball, football and lacrosse.

SPORTSMAN continued from page 11

land Browns again the outstanding teams, professional football continued to gain in '54. More than 2 million fans paid to see the pros, and attendance averaged better than 30,000 a game. Television, which was a mixed blessing to such sports as baseball and boxing, was a boon to pro football. By blacking out home games and carrying them on the networks, the pros protected the box office and at the same time won new friends among those seeing the expertly played game for the first time on TV.

THE CROWDED GRANDSTANDS

As to what most people will pay to see, there was no doubt in 1954. Horse

racing was again the leading box office sport and in addition to watching, its 30 million admirers wagered a total of more than \$2 billion at the tracks for the second year in a row.

As the year drew to a close, one horse and one man shared first place in the affections of those who follow the Sport of Kings. The horse was the big gray, Native Dancer, named the Horse of the Year in every poll despite the fact that he ran only three times in '54 before he had to be retired with a bad leg. The turf's man of the year was Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, a gauffer of 80, who had his best year in a half-century of horse training. Among other things, he saddled Nashua, son of Nasrullah and winner in six of his eight starts—including

the Belmont Futurity, this last fulfilling a lifelong ambition of Mr. Fitz.

Boxing showed its best and worst faces during 1954. Its best was the first meeting of Heavyweight Champion Rocky Marciano and the leading contender, Ezzard Charles, at Yankee Stadium in June. Both men gave their best in a savagely fought 15-round match. The beaten Charles, who had been trying for a comeback, whispered through swollen lips, "I want him again." He was granted his wish, but the second Marciano-Charles fight, in September, ended with Ezzard's collapse in the eighth round, and proved again that they don't come back.

Television brought a heavy schedule of fights into the U.S. living room,

SWEEPING PHALANX of horses and sulkies moved toward turn during running of Little Brown Jug, pacing's biggest race.

Winner after five beats at Delaware, Ohio fairgrounds' half-mile track was Adios Harry, owned by 66-year-old J. Howard Lyons.





COLLAPSE FROM EXHAUSTION by marathon star Jim Peters 200 yards from finish at Vancouver was heartbreaker.



GLASSY-EYED Ezzard Charles was counted out in eighth round of second attempt to win heavyweight title from Rocky Marciano.

including a fair share of good ones. But a share of bad fights left a trail of "dive" and "fix" talk, and more than once ringside fans, confronted with patty-cake performances, took to chanting "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" by way of criticism.

BILLY JOE'S CONTRIBUTION

Depressing as the boxing picture was in spots, it did serve to emphasize an enduring truth about sports in general. It is impossible, after a good look around the sporting scene, to stay depressed for long. Billy Joe Patton, the 32-year-old lumberman from North Carolina, won only one title (the North and South Amateur) but fascinated, regaled and charmed the galleries at

the Masters, the U.S. Open and the National Amateur. He led the Masters at the halfway mark, and got a hole-in-one in it. He led the Open the first day (something no amateur had done since Bobby Jones) and went to the third round of the Amateur. Billy Joe was like no other golfer in the world. He sometimes seemed to be bent on approaching the green by way of Junction City, Kansas, but his incredible recoveries, his unflinching good humor ("Let's smile again," he would rull cheerfully to his gallery, downcast after a fiasco) and his genuine golfing skill assured him of his place among the game's players always to be remembered.

A king lost his throne in 1954 as

Ben Hogan failed to win a single tournament. Sam Snead won the Masters, but missed a chance to succeed King Hogan as Ed Furgol won the Open despite the handicap of a withered left arm. Babe Zaharias made an astonishing comeback after major surgery and won the National Women's Open by a 12-stroke margin. Youth was served as Arnold Palmer won the National Amateur at 24, Peter Thomson the British Open at 25 and Bob Toski, 27, took golf's richest prize, the \$50,000 Tam O'Shanter. But Billy Joe Patton was the people's choice as golfer of the year.

If Billy Joe proved that it is possible for a topflight competitor to keep *continued on next page*

BRILLIANT AMATEUR Golfer Billy Joe Patton out-shot the pros, won hearts of the galleries.



HOME RUN BY THOMPSON with bases loaded helped Giants whip Dodgers in vital series late in season, typified clutch play which won pennant and series.





BROODING CHESSMASTER Reshevsky of U.S. held his own with visiting Russians.



INTERNATIONAL SET met at Laurel in Jockeys Rae Johnson of Australia, Willie Smith of Britain and Eddie Arcaro of U.S. rode the world's picked horses.

SPORTSMAN *continued from page 13*

his sense of humor, other individualists of 1954 were making all sorts of interesting points. Parry O'Brien established that a man doesn't have to feel his best to do his best: when he broke his own world shot put record, Parry had a stomach-ache and felt "punk all over."

FACES IN THE BIG CROWD

Oldsters (by sports reckoning) demonstrated the value of experience. In tennis, Vic Seixas, 31, who had ~~the~~ for year in 1953, won the U.S. Singles title and top U.S. ranking for 1954, and 33-year-old Jaroslav Drobný, by his own choice a political exile from

Czechoslovakia, won the Wimbledon championship after trying for 16 years. Stanley Mathews of England had another great year in soccer at the advanced age of 39. Mrs. Elenora Sears of Boston, at 73, was likely to be playing less squash racquets—but only that she might devote more time to her new stable of race horses, which she launched by paying a record \$75,000 for a Saratoga yearling.

On the other hand, it was also clear from the year's events that it doesn't hurt to be young. For instance, at 16, Marilyn Bell swam Lake Erie for a \$10,000 prize while Florence Chadwick, the veteran conqueror of the English Channel, had to admit it was

too much for her that day. At 20, Maureen (Little Mo) Connolly won her third Wimbledon tennis championship and almost certainly would have won her fourth U.S. title if she had not been forced out of competition by a broken leg, suffered in a riding accident.

SPORTSMEN IN CROWDS

As usual, competitive sports took most of the headlines, but competition was far from the whole story of the sports year. The hunters had their biggest season as 15 million took to the woods and neighboring farmers took to cover. There were an estimated 25 million fishing the rivers and streams and

BREEZING BAY COLT Nashua was named 2-year-old of the year, won six of eight races, gave Trainer Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons his first victory in a Belmont Futurity.



UMBERTO MAGLIOLI drove his Ferrari to winning in grueling Mexican Road Race.





SWIRLING CHEERLEADERS from San Jose State were sideline attractions which brought cheer to crowd.



NATIVE DANCER drove hard in mud at Saratoga for final victory of his career, retired to stud having earned \$785,240 for Alfred Vanderbilt.

casting into the surf along the seacoast; only a very few of them, including the President of the United States, got their names in the papers.

As the endless sports drama went on, there were the inevitable withdrawals from the cast. Sir Gordon Richards, the Jockey who rode 4,870 winners during his 34-year career, announced his retirement. So did Otto Graham, the great passing star of the Cleveland Browns' professional football team, who wound up his career by running and passing the Browns to an upset championship (see page 50).

Sports lost one of its best friends—and in a sense its beloved presiding figure—in the death of Grantland Rice.

W. W. (Pudge) Hoffelfinger, Yale's famed All-American, died during the year. So, too, did Frank Menke, the sports historian; Bill Doak, one of the last of the spitball pitchers; Bill McGowan, acclaimed even by ball players as a great umpire; Wilbur Shaw, three-time winner of the Indianapolis Memorial Day auto race; Charles Francis Adams III, who skippered the yacht *Resolute* to victory over Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock IV* in the 1920 America's Cup race; Glenn (Pop) Warner, one of football's greatest coaches and innovators; Rabbit Maranville, the colorful little infielder famous for his "basket" catch; Albert (Chief) Bender, one-time pitching star of the old

Philadelphia Athletics. Near the year's end, death came, also, to an outstanding athlete and sportsman, Fred Miller of Milwaukee and Notre Dame (SI, Dec. 27).

YOUNG DOCTOR BANNISTER

As the curtain fell on 1954's extravaganza, many of its principal characters were still busy at the sports that carried over into the new year. Some—like Willie Mays—could not bear to wait for springtime and had pursued their games to places where it was summer all year long. But the Sportsman of the Year had put 1954's greatest sporting drama—the running of the
continued on next page

QUSTY RHODES pinch hit Giants to World Series triumph, chomped on cigar.



ARKANSAS FOOTBALL team played Cinderella for most of season, won Southwestern Conference Title and Cotton Bowl bid despite slump toward end of schedule.



mile—behind him. On a typical day, Roger Gilbert Bannister was devoting every waking hour to the study and the practice of medicine.

Young Dr. Bannister's schedule begins at 9:30 these winter mornings with a round of his ward in St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, London. There are 40 patients in the ward and as he moves from bed to bed, Dr. Bannister listens to each of their stories. Occasionally one of the ward patients is feeling well enough to ask for an autograph, but most of them are more concerned with the doctor than with the famous athlete.

Like all other interns at St. Mary's, Bannister grabs his meals when he can. His normal day is 18 hours long and he is on call the rest of the time. At least two nights a week he is detailed to "casualty service." Then he is on duty in the receiving room, ministering to victims of auto accidents and now and then patching up the principals of a pub brawl.

After six months on his present post as house physician, Bannister will start six months next May 1 as house surgeon. A year from now, unless Britain changes its conscription laws, he will begin two years' service as a lieutenant in the Royal Army Medical Corps.

It is possible that Bannister may do some running again when he enters the army. It is less certain that he will ever run again in competition, for he would never be content with anything less than the kind of performance that, in his words, "takes more out of yourself than you've got."

One thing can be safely predicted. Whatever he does in the future, Bannister will be sustained, always, by an unfailing sense of humor. It did not desert him last May when he flew over to the U.S. and was caught up in a comedy of errors surrounding a commercial television program. It was still serving him well as lately as last Christmas morning at St. Mary's Hospital, where some of the doctors and students put on a little entertainment entitled, "The Houseman's Show."

One nurse in the chorus line was able to kick much higher than anyone else. Not surprising in view of the fact that this particular nurse was Roger Bannister, the house physician, the miler, the Sportsman of the Year.

GREATEST CATCH of the year was made, naturally, by fleet Willis Mays, who snagged Vic Wertz's 450-foot drive at crucial point in first game of the World Series.



SOUNDTRACK

THE EDITORS LISTEN TO AN AMERICAN GENERAL ON THE SUBJECT OF
RUSSIAN RIFLEMEN, EXPLORE THE BAROQUE GOLF SITUATION IN LOS
ANGELES AND TALK TO A JUSTIFIABLY IMMOOEST BASKETBALL COACH

Survival

OTTO GRAHAM explained the reason for the rather extensive amount of yardage he had gained by running this year by saying, "When a pro quarterback goes back to pass and can't find anyone open, he runs for his life. I have a wonderful wife and three children and I want to live."

Caracas critique

Nobody watched Russia's entries in the World Championship Shooting Matches at Caracas, Venezuela last month with quite so intent an eye as Major General (U.S.M.C. Ret.) Merritt A. Edson, a hero of Guadalcanal who is currently executive director of the National Rifle Association. Nobody was less surprised or more pained by the outcome: Russia first, with 78 unofficial points; Sweden second; the U.S. third, with 34 points. "We just aren't a nation of shooters any more," the general says. "Only two percent of our male population is really familiar with firearms. The Swiss can still shoot. The Swedes can. And now the Russians can. So we get drubbed."

"The Russians have organized their whole country since the war. They started town and village shooting clubs and gave them all the ammo and instruction they wanted. When a local boy started to nail bull's-eyes they asked him to join a city team and paid him whatever he'd have gotten back on the farm. The best of city shooters went to republic teams and the best of these ended up at Caracas."

"A lot of men on their team looked as though they had come right off the farm. They were young—about 25. Their equipment was no better than ours—in fact they used some American equipment and ammunition. They all shot exactly the same. For instance, when our men shoot from the kneeling position, some fold their right leg under them and sit on the side of their shoe and others squat back and sit on the heel of the right foot. The Russians all sit on the heel. They all wear the

same sort of leather shooting jacket. They all wear high boots when they're on the line. Most of our shooters wear low shoes, but I think the Russians have figured it out that boots give more support for long matches."

"They sure could shoot. And they had teamwork—no Russian ever fired on the line without having his coach at his elbow. The shooter and coach had worked together for months. Some of our shooters had never worked with their coaches before they hit Caracas. We had a group of experts, but the Russians were a team of experts. And, frankly, we don't have the reservoir of talent the Russians have now."

The cure? General Edson (who harbors the stubborn conviction that the next war will be won by riflemen, H-bomb or no H-bomb) intends to ask the Army for almost \$2 million to subsidize civilian marksmanship, mainly through purchase of ammunition. The framework for such rifle training already exists—there are over 8,000 gun clubs affiliated with the NRA.

"I want to see the Russians shoot as a team under pressure some day," the general said almost wistfully. "At Caracas they were ahead all the time. But I wonder what would happen if they started to lose. They just aren't supposed to lose—I think a few of them might crack."

City of the angles

EVERY now and then an accumulation of pressure blows the sleek hood right off the top of the high-powered engine of professional golf and one can look inside and see all the minuscule machinery whirling around.



The 1955 Los Angeles Open has provided such an explosion and a superb view of the mechanism.

Over the past 30 years the Los Angeles Open, staged the first full week-

end in January, has traditionally been the lead-off event of the new golfing year. Since its inauguration, it has been entrepreneured by the Los Angeles Junior Chamber of Commerce whose main idea has been to remind the nation that golf is a year-round activity in sunny southern Cal. The LAJC has not always been sweet reasonableness in its arbitrary demands for running its tournament with a minimum of "cosponsorship" from the Professional Golfers Association, and the PGA, for its part, has frequently exposed itself as a faction-split organization with no coordinated philosophy of its function. In 1949, for instance, the LAJC decided to pare the unwieldy tournament field by reducing the exempt list—players who were automatically qualified—from the low 30 to the low 20 scorers in the preceding National Open. Since this forced a star PGA circuiter like Dr. Cary Middlecoff to undergo the ignominy of qualifying like a common hacker, the touring pros sought to revise the procedure. They charged, among other things, that the bulky field was populated with local boys who made good by falsifying their scores. The LAJC countercharged with equal nicety that this attack was only a ruse by which the circuit pros were attempting to freeze out newcomers. There were other passages-at-arms, and some years the tournament was staged without the formality of a signed contract.

Last February the LAJC, feeling that it had had its fill of dickering and bickering, undertook to sign up with the PGA for the coming three years. It was not as easy as all that, for the PGA was smarting over a number of things. First, the LAJC had allied itself with a new organization called the Winter Golf Sponsors Association, which the PGA considered a distinct threat to its program for controlling the circuit tournaments and the conditions under which these tournaments would be run. Second, and at least as important, the major golf

continued on next page

SOUNDTRACK continued from page 17
equipment manufacturers had suspended their annual donation of \$25,000 to the PGA Tournament Committee in favor of employing this sum in a drive for more and better golf courses. However, it was finally agreed verbally by LAJC and the PGA that the 1955 L.A. Open would be held on Jan. 7 through Jan. 10 for a purse of \$20,000 (an increase of \$5,000) with a payment of \$2,000 (an increase of \$1,250) to the PGA Tournament Committee for supplying the talent, putting on the clinic, etc. It was furthermore agreed that the purse for the '56 and '57 Opens would be "at least" \$15,000.

The LAJC was rudely jolted in June by the receipt of a letter from Robert Leacox, a Kansas City tire distributor who had in the interim been appointed Coordinator of Schedules for the PGA. Leacox teed off with a new set of demands: a \$25,000 minimum purse for '56 and '57 plus the additional payment of \$2,500 to the Tournament Committee. Failure to comply with these terms, Leacox said, would result in the L.A. Open's being sponsored by a "friend" of the PGA, a Battle Creek trailer manufacturer named William B. MacDonald, who operates two plants in the suburbs of Los Angeles, is the new-type golf sponsor who treats golf pros like visiting royalty and who was ready, willing, and able to meet the PGA's asking price. The LAJC reacted violently. It questioned Leacox's credentials and MacDonald's right in daring to horn in on a civic institution three decades old.

In August, MacDonald summoned a press conference and announced that at the behest of his good friends in the PGA he would stage a tournament in the Los Angeles area to be called the Pan-American Open. The site: the Inglewood Country Club, a rather rundown, oil-derrick-backgrounded course next to the Hollywood race track. The dates: Jan. 6 through Jan. 9, or the same weekend the L.A. Open was scheduled. The press conference grew stormy when Paul Zimmerman, the sports editor of the Los Angeles Times, hurled insults at MacDonald and accused him, "You're not a friend of the golfers. You're out here for the publicity." MacDonald countered by stating that any PGA member who played in any other tournament within a 100-mile radius of his own shindig would be fined \$1,000 by the PGA.

The LAJC elected to proceed with its own tournament nonetheless. The L.A. Open, it declared, would be held, as previously announced, at the city-owned Rancho Municipal Golf Course—like Inglewood, hardly a test of championship golf. The purse would be upped to \$25,000 and, moreover, the LAJC would pay the legal fees of any PGA member who tested the

validity of the threat of fine by playing in the L.A. Open.

The hassle then entered its baroque period. The LAJC announced it would turn over all tournament profits to the Olympic Fund, with the obvious implication that anyone who interfered with this worthwhile venture—putting the Russians in their place and all that—was hardly patriotic. MacDonald then approached the Olympic Committee with a similar proposal. Next, the LAJC, hoping to lure sizeable crowds by offering up the likes of Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dean Martin, et al., authorized a special 30-player exempt list for golfing celebrities. MacDonald counterannounced that the Pan-American Open would be preceded by a one-day pro-amateur celebrities tournament to be presided over by Dean Martin and Nicky Hilton—proceeds to go to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. Shortly after this, wearying of the acrimony and the unfavorable publicity, MacDonald volunteered to merge the two tournaments and turn his over to the LAJC to police and co-superintend. The LAJC haughtily told him that its members could hardly be expected to help out in a tournament that was basically a publicity promotion for MacDonald's trailer business.

The first full weekend in January should give Los Angeles its fill of golf. At last advice from the coast, both Opens will go on, the Pan-American with a representative field of PGA luminaries, the L.A. with the most unorthodox collection of golfers ever to compete for \$25,000—public lunks champs, motion picture officials, prominent second vice presidents of local business firms, TV actors and so on. This drastic change in line-up prompted a new development: the LAJC revised its descriptive tag line for the L.A. Open from Golf's Golden Tournament to The Community Classic Where Good Sports Will Meet.

Who's kissing whom?

AT ONE time or another, Adolph Rupp, who coaches winning basketball teams at the University of Kentucky, has been described as "brash," "ambitious," "arrogant," "ruthless" and "overbearing."

After a Kentucky team defeated Georgia last year for the umpteenth straight time, Rupp announced that the victory had been devoid of pleasure. "Beating Georgia," he complained, "is as ridiculous as kissing your sister."

When the basketball scandal first broke in New York, Rupp compared New York City, roughly, to Gomorrah. "Gamblers," he declared, "couldn't touch my Kentucky boys with a 10-foot pole." Almost a year passed before three Kentucky stars were arrested for fixing games.

Asked last season about his squad, which went unbeaten but did not compete in the NCAA tournament because several of its players were ineligible, Rupp confessed that he had "the greatest team ever assembled in the United States." Ask Rupp why any Kentucky team is great and he answers tartly: "Great coaching."

Perhaps Rupp exaggerates, but not much. Over 25 seasons his teams have won more than 85% of their games, and it was hardly a surprise last week to see Kentucky defeat strong teams like La Salle and Utah. It wasn't even a shock to learn that the Utah triumph was Rupp's 500th, a total with few precedents. What is a surprise is the new facet of Rupp's personality that last week's victories revealed.

Before the basketball season started, Rupp wrote a letter outlining the basketball scene as he saw it.

"Top teams nationally," he wrote, "will be La Salle, Duquesne, Dayton, Iowa, Niagara and Alabama."

Kentucky? Sorry, but three great stars had graduated. "To replace one would be difficult," Rupp's letter ex-



"No, no, Miss Baker, You're supposed to wear them on your knees."

plained, "To replace all three is impossible. This will be a year when Kentucky must rebuild."

Kentucky has rebuilt so well that it was ranked No. 1 in last week's A.P. poll of college basketball teams. The new Rupp, humble in November, is winning games like the old Rupp in December. But one wonders about the deeper effects of humility. How do the victories feel now, coach—even the victories over Georgia?

Must be as pleasant as kissing a total stranger, pale, blonde and willowy.

Tennis register

THE QUESTION of who are the best tennis players in the United States is usually answered convincingly enough during the hundreds of big and little tournaments which seem to run on, indoors and out, the full 12 months of every year. Just to give the matter a sort of Social Register officialdom, however, the United States Lawn Tennis Association annually brings out its own approved Who's Who—a numerical ranking in all divisions, which in the past has not only managed to solve a few seeding problems for tournament committees but has also swelled many a tennis head to full-bounce proportions.

There is, before these rankings become absolute net gospel, some rather intricate paper work to be done by the dozen or so members of the Ranking Committee appointed by the USLTA president. Sitting around in a conference room each fall, the committee straightaway asks for the facts. The facts brought forward this year comprised some 70 pages of tabulations, listing, among other things, the complete records of all players who in 1954 competed in tournaments sanctioned or approved by the USLTA.

The fat ledger, drawn up in October by the USLTA Executive Secretary, Edwin S. Baker, on the 36th floor of New York's Equitable Building, lists purely the won-lost record of every man and woman. Thus, a youngster who distinguished himself on the Martini circuit while failing to last out the second round of any tournament from June through September need not fear that Baker's statisticians will find time to write a warning letter to the folks back home. "The rankings," says Baker, "are based on records, not personal opinions." The record last year, for instance, showed that National Champion Vic Seixas (through September) had marked up some 57 wins around the tournament trail, while losing 17 matches. His over-all record was not appreciably better than that of his Davis Cup teammate Tony Trabert, but his triumph at Forest Hills rightfully earned him (according to the vote of the committee) the No. 1 position. The winner of our national title, if

he is an American, almost automatically gets top billing.

There was actually little the Ranking Committee had to argue over this time. The list of names in the top 10 is a familiar one—and shouldn't throw too much fear into anyone. The old names are still around: Art Larsen, Gardnar Mulloy, Tom Brown, Bill Talbert and Herbie Flam. Ham Richardson as befits a Rhodes Scholar and a Davis Cupper, jumped from No. 6 to No. 3. Eddie Maylan jumped from nowhere to No. 7 (not as big a jump as Pancho Gonzales' rise from No. 17 to No. 1 in 1948). In the second 10 there is no startling newcomer, and it isn't until the third 10 that you'll meet members of Jack Kramer's special Davis Cup training squad, such as Gerald Moss (No. 23) and Mike Green (No. 28).

The women's ranking showed only one big surprise: San Diego's chunky Maureen Connolly, the best female tennis player in the world, failed to make the first 20. She failed even to make the following category, known as Class A. Instead, she was brushed off, along with three others (including former three-time U.S. Champion Mrs. Margaret Osborne duPont), into a classification headed "Insufficient Data." All this despite having won in 1954 the French and Wimbledon crowns as well as the U.S. Clay Court title. Little Mo, as everyone knows, missed the Nationals after she and her horse had a brush with a delivery truck. She failed to play in the Eastern grass events—which the Ranking Committee consider second in importance only to the nationals—and thus had to forfeit her No. 1 ranking to Doris Hart, a fine tennis player, to be sure, but no Connolly. "This may sound to some people a little unfair to Maureen," says Edwin Baker, "but regulations are regulations, you know."

The moment of truth

BECAUSE bullfighting is so formal and stylized it usually does not have much appeal for Americans, with certain rather well-known exceptions. Americans are more at home in the casual, informal atmosphere of the baseball field, the fight club, the football stadium. In America the unorthodox is defied: the 12th man, drunk, who runs out on the football field at a Princeton-Dartmouth game to play end, the Danny Gardella who forgetfully tucks his glove under his arm just as a fly ball is hit his way, the Tony Galento who nearly knocks out a perfectly conditioned Joe Louis.

It is logical, then, to assume that the following news items from the bull ring will appeal to the American sport fan. In Alcalá de Henares, Spain, a particularly fierce bull sent *matadores* and *peones* scurrying behind the *barra-*

rosa. *Matadores* and *peones* and *barra-*
deros are Spanish words that mean, in this instance, that nobody wanted to mess around with this bull. But over the *barrera* leaped an *espadineo* who grabbed a cape as he crossed the *rejilla*. For backward members of the class, this means a man sitting in the stands decided he would fight the bull.

Dressed in an ordinary business suit, he raced to the middle of the arena,



dropped to his knees and brought the rushing bull past him with a glorious swirl of the big cape. Three times he passed the beast before the professional bullfighters surrounded him, screaming for him to get out of the way. He refused, and somebody grabbed the cape from him. Undaunted, he yanked off his suit coat and passed the bull with that. On the second try with the coat, he was tossed high in the air. While the professionals got and held the bull's attention, our hero rose to his feet, clasped his hands over his head in triumph and was hustled over the wall and into the hands of the police, who promptly arrested him for "spontaneous bullfighting."

We are told that things like this happen several times a season, but last week in Seville, Spain, there was a rare sight indeed—a lady *espadineo*. She was a husky peasant girl of 20 who leaped into the ring to confront the bull but who was intercepted and escorted out of the arena before she made her first pass. As the police led her away, she was shouting defiantly the Spanish equivalent of "I can fight bulls better than them bums."

The final note has to do with the unorthodoxy of the bull, rather than the human. In Bogotá, Colombia, a bull tossed and wounded a *matador* whose job it was to kill him. The other *matador* took over and was also wounded. This left it up to the *sobrealiste*—an understudy kept in reserve for just such occasions. He entered the ring proudly, did a commendable job with the *uñeta* and then sent the bull down with one expertly placed thrust of the sword. The crowd cheered, and the understudy was awarded one of the bull's ears—a signal honor—for his performance. But as the understudy was graciously taking the plaudits of the crowd, the "dead" bull rose from the sand, charged the triumphant bullfighter and sent him to the infirmary. It was, you might say, the bull's day. Since there were no more *matadores* in reserve, he was finally dispatched by a bullet from a soldier's rifle. The story unhappily failed to say whether the bull's ear had yet been cut off before he revived.

SPECTACLE

MEN WITH BASKETS

A famous author and a great photographer combine their talents to report on jai alai, which may be the fastest game in the world

by OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

MANY years ago a Cuban friend was describing to me the devastating power of Erdoza's forehand. "There was this great match," he explained with appropriate gestures. "The four players were battling ferociously. Erdoza got the ball. He slammed it against the front wall, fast like a bullet. It came back maybe twice as fast. It was so fast that nobody could dodge it. Not even Erdoza. He knocked out all of his own front teeth."

In all sports there are always some men who become traditional, just as Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth did in baseball. In jai alai it is generally conceded that the greatest of all players was Erdoza who was at his peak about 30 years ago.

A PHENOM

Erdoza was a Basque. He was short, stocky, powerful, shrewd and possessed of lightning reactions. He was a front-wall player, a *delosiero*. Throughout the jai alai world he was known by the nickname of *El Fenómeno*, which means just what you think it does if you pronounce it in English. He could do everything better than anybody else could.

But for all his great skill it was inevitable that there came times when Erdoza was as helpless as a skier on ice. For jai alai (you pronounce it high-lie) is just too fast and too dangerous ever to be completely mastered. The men who play it are incredibly expert and unbelievably agile. They make fantastic recoveries and impossible shots. But there are always times when they make what even for them are incredible mistakes.

I saw the game first on a cruise to Havana in 1925. I fell in love with it then. In middle age the fact is hard to explain—impetuosity, stupidity—

but there was no other answer at the time. I had to play.

"Sí, señor, you can make fine player, but is it wise?" The note of admonition eluded me. We were watching several strong-limbed but not very clever youths floundering around the court (*concha*) during practice. They looked to be in imminent danger of losing their lives. A pretty fair ball player from South Carolina, I figured, shouldn't have trouble here.

As it developed, the clumsy lads had had several years' experience. They start early with jai alai and practice long. The fly shagger from South Carolina only on occasion touched the ball (*pelota*). He was lucky to hear it as it screamed past his ear.

JUST FAIR

I worked hard at the game that year and got to thwacking the ball eventually. I played the game with a degree of regularity for the next 25 years, but never became proficient with the professionals, although I was known as a good amateur. Most of the time the pros seemed to be trying to protect me. They failed on two notable occasions, each of which ended in a major operation, but my spirits never dimmed.

To get the scope of the game visualize a court as long as half a city block and as wide as a city street on which two teams of two men each are playing. There is a high, about 50 foot, granite wall in front of them and two concrete walls of the same height to the left and behind them. On the

fourth side there is a wire mesh screen and it is a moot point whether it is there to save the lives of the spectators or the players.

Each player is equipped with a woven basketlike contraption, called *cesto*, attached to his right hand. The ball they are using is smaller than a baseball and nearly as heavy, hard as a rock and lethal. The men watch the ball with the alert caution of eagles as it soars up toward the front wall. It hits with a loud crack and then fires off at a speed that makes it a blur to the spectators along the side. With the quick grace of a large, powerful cat an opposing player leaps to the spot where he has calculated he can get a swipe at the ball. He turns in the air and in one continuous motion catches the ball in the upper end of his *cesto* and whirls it out the bottom.

Make no mistake about it. The ball leaves with terrific force. It often travels more than 250 feet in the air—to the front wall and back before it hits the ground. When it hits you, you feel it. Players who haven't gotten out of the way have been killed.

That, in simple essence, is jai alai. It is a game apart, although there are those who call it glorified handball. Handball with artillery is more like it, with elements of lacrosse (because of the *cesto*) and squash tossed in. But in its rules jai alai is simplicity itself. The ball may be taken off the walls on the fly or after a bounce as long as it has hit within the playing area. The one complication is serving and that only

continued on page 25

With a swish of the cesta, pelota is sent up to front wall to begin play for point that continues through next three pages. Server is Urcola, regarded as Mexico's best front-court man. He plays at Miami's Biscayne Fronton where photos were taken





Jai alai players at the Miami Fronton use the side or lateral wall as springboard to get altitude for high shots



Players leap from seven to nine feet in the air, stretch to 20 feet with cesta to snare pelota traveling 150 mph



Sprawled on floor two players miss on rebotes (top and bottom)—balls which have been allowed to bounce off rear wall and then are hit by players who lie on floor for leverage. Rebote shot is used when ball comes off the front wall too high or in a bad position



looks more complex than it is. Along the side wall are a series of equally spaced lines numbered consecutively. Only two are of importance to the spectator, one at mid-court, the other half way from there to the front wall. A proper serve must drop between the lines. After that it is every man for himself.

It is the enormous ground the players have to cover, the speed of the ball and the fact that the players are not allowed to cradle the ball—not even for a second—that makes jai alai the game it is. The combination of the three leads to spectacular jumping and falling and shooting during a game.

I have heard untutored tourists seeing the game for the first time sneer at some, calling them grandstanding. Certain plays may look that way, but there is no more showing off to them than there is to a diving, over-the-shoulder catch by Mays or Piersall against the center-field wall.

CRAZY BALL CRAZY

In fact, the jai alai retrieve in deep center may be a bit harder. It is impossible for the ball not to curve in jai alai. This is because an enormous spin is imparted to the ball as it rips over the cross-woven straws of the *cesto*. The spin causes the ball to carom crazily off one or all of the three walls.

The suddenly veering ball often causes a player to be a split second late in getting into position and he has to take desperate measures. One of the most desperate, and frequent, is a startling play in which a back man will be seen to take a shot off the rear wall on his backhand side (all *cestos* must be worn on the right hand) and then fall flat as a pancake in the act of hurling the ball toward the front wall.

There is another sensational play that occurs when the ball comes off the back wall closer to the player's body than he anticipated. Since he must catch and throw the ball all in the same motion, the only way he can get his shot off is to let himself start to fall thus drawing back out of the path of the ball. The acrobatic play is perfectly executed when the player pays the supreme penalty for his misjudgment with a resounding smack on the concrete floor.

For all its excitement, the play is nearly matched in color by the trappings of the game. I remember the early days in Havana. At nights I'd go to the Fronton Habana-Madrid. Fronton is the generic term for a building that

houses a jai alai court. Like all public courts then and now, the lights dimmed over the stands as play began. The court lights meanwhile came on full force and the scene was brilliant: beautifully conditioned athletes dressed in bright colored shirts and spotless white slacks, in their hands the yellow *cestos*, and all this set off against the green of the court walls and the white of the floors.

To me the players were great and romantic men. They came from all over the world, wherever the game is played. From the Basque country, where some historians say the game originated, from other parts of Spain, Cuba, Mexico, South America, the Philippines, Egypt, China, France, Italy and Belgium. They would travel in troupes from one fronton to another catching the various seasons. A truly international set.

WHERE BETTORS MEET

The stands always hummed with excitement. Jai alai then as now was primarily a betting game and the debirious spectators howled encouragement or invective according to which team they had bet on. There are two main ways to bet on jai alai. It depends on which kind of a game is being played. In Havana they played match games, two men against two, and betting on them was a highly complicated procedure. The house didn't bet but it did provide brokers who wore white coats and red berets and charged



OUTSIZED RIGHT ARM is trademark of jai alai players. Excessive development results from supporting the clawlike *cesto*.

a simple fee of 10% of the winnings.

The games usually went to 30 points, a point being gained when the other team failed to return the ball to the front wall on a fly or before one bounce. People bet on every point and as the score changed so did the odds. With the tide running 10-2 against a team, the odds would go to 4-1. When the score was even, usually the odds were also. Smart bettors played the "hot" team and interest fell off as one

continued on next page



SPECTATOR'S VIEW of Miami's Biscayne Fronton. At left is tote board with win, place and show odds. Jai alai is seen by Americans only in Florida and on Mexican border.

team drew away from the other. But there were miracles. I recall one evening when a brilliant team was down 18-3. Odds were 30-1 against them. They rallied and won; I scored a windfall that night.

What made life so exciting then was placing the bet. Betting slips and money were tossed back and forth between bettors and brokers in tennis balls which had holes cut in them. In an exciting game the air seemed literally filled with flying balls—and the place was a bedlam.

Jai alai was imported into the U.S. on several different occasions. It held forth for one season in the old New York Hippodrome, the huge stage of which had been converted into a lightning-fast court. It also was seen in Chicago and New Orleans but without legalized betting it never caught on. In Miami, where betting is allowed, it has flourished for many years at the Biscayne Fronton, competing for attention with the dog races. It has also

flourished directly across the Southern California border in Tia Juana, Mexico, where it is played every Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday night throughout the year to capacity crowds which are approximately 98% American.

A AGAINST B

Apparently promoters feared the match-game style of betting was too frantic for Americans. However, they have developed "elimination" games in which the betting is done on a parimutuel-like system, as at a race track, with patrons buying tickets for win, place or show. Say eight players, or teams of two, compete against each other. A starts against B. If A wins the point, he continues against C. If C wins that point he stays on the court and takes on D. Losers go to the end of the line and await their turn. And so on until seven points have been scored by one man or a team.

In both match and elimination play, matchmaking is based on the determination to make the game close, and

thus increase betting. It is done in two ways. One minor point is to permit the weaker team to serve from a point closer to the front wall. More often it works that the truly great players are saddled with weaker and weaker partners against stronger and stronger opposition until the games become even. For this reason it is almost impossible to select a world champion in jai alai. One of the finest back-wall players of all time, Guillermo, probably lost more games than he ever won because of weak partners.

Because there is betting, it is only natural that the most persistent rumor encountered at frontons is that the games are fixed. It is virtually impossible for a spectator to recognize a fix even if he is told one is "in." It is too obvious to miss the ball. The players who have agreed to lose merely toss the ball up so that it is easier for their opponents to eventually make an ungettable shot. It looks brilliant and the fixer does not look bad.

Oddly enough, in Cuba's most famous fixed game, the pair that had conspired to lose and had actually let on their opponents went loco with excitement and finally won the game, thus bankrupting themselves and also drawing life suspensions.

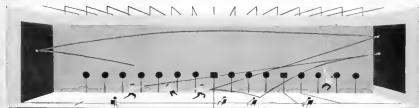
In elimination matches which have spread to other countries it is harder to give the game away, mainly because so many have to agree to give it away. But baseball players and college boys have been bribed in this country and it is not inconceivable that a group of jai alai professionals could be reached.

Nonetheless, jai alai players have their pride. Sometimes when they look their worst it is because they are having a bad night. As one of the finest back-court players in the world put it to me one night after a miserable exhibition: "Some nights you cannot catch a watermelon."

And what's the difference? It's the eternal uncertainty that feeds the rabid enthusiasm of the *fanditos*. **END**



NEW GOATSKIN COVER is stitched on *pelots* by hand, then hammered to restore hardness which should exceed that of a baseball. *Pelots* has core of rubber, is generally uneven and wears out fast. At right, fronton employs *revesas* worn *cebs*. Jai alai equipment wears out so fast Biscayne has to maintain own shop. Savings from such maintenance amount to thousands of dollars yearly.



CUTAWAY OF AVERAGE FRONTON reveals court 176 by 55 ft. and 50 ft. high. Front wall is made of granite, the others

of concrete. A net alongside protects spectators from the ball. Markers on the side wall serve as guides for the embattled players.

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AMERICAN RETRIEVER TRIALS AT WELDON SPRING, MO. GET UNDER WAY AS GALLERY WATCHES A PHEASANT SHOT BY THE GUN

HUNTING DOGS HAVE

Field trials are a fast-growing sport which thrives on the true hunter's love for the out of doors and the eternal fascination of training an animal



WARHOOP JAKE, TOP POINTER IN 1954

was born. Since then there has been a steady growth in their popularity, and today field trials are held in all parts of the country for all of the sporting dogs—pointers, setters, retrievers, spaniels and various breeds of hounds.

To an uninitiated observer a field trial sometimes resembles a ritualistic ceremony in which dogs and people run about, invariably in foul weather, in pursuit of rewards which seem to be far outweighed by the discomfort and cost involved in achieving them. To the devotee, however, the tribulations are a challenge and the rewards are real.

If called upon to explain their addiction to the sport, field trial enthusiasts are apt to go textbook on you and talk loftily of "improving the breed" and "demonstrating the performance of a perfectly trained dog in the hunting field." But over a second drink around

the fire they will confess that the thing which drives them more than any other is rivalry, plus the love of dogs.

"A GOLDEN DECADE"

Whether it is hounds chasing rabbits, bird dogs pointing or retrievers and spaniels retrieving, the challenge of a field trial is a constant incentive to anybody with a good hunting dog and a sporting instinct. Field trials have become so popular since the end of the last war that the sport is enjoying its "golden decade." Last year there were more than 2,000 trials sanctioned by the American Kennel Club—about 400 more than the previous year. In addition, the 160 member organizations of the Amateur Field Trial Clubs of America, which specialize in the pointing breeds, each held from one to three trials of their own.

ON A BLASTY October morning in 1874 a group of Tennessee sportsmen gathered together in a field near Memphis to settle a long-standing argument about who had the best hunting dog. They didn't know it then, but they were holding the first public field trial in America. The event attracted only nine dogs of local reputation but it so fired the imaginations and the fancy of sportsmen who heard about it that soon more of these dog contests were being held and a new sport



AT START OF LAND AND WATER TESTS

that the sport has been brought to its most professional peak. The major circuit for setters, pointers, Weimaraners and Brittany spaniels begins each year in Canada on pheasant, prairie chicken or Hungarian partridge and swings down through the South in the winter. Culminating event of the year for bird-dog men is the National Bird Dog Championship trial at Grand Junction, Tenn. in February. Last year's winner was Warhoop Jake, a liver-and-white pointer owned by Dr. H. E. Longsdorf of Mount Holly, N.J.

The favorite dog at these events used to be the setter, but in recent years the pointers have taken over the field. Procedures at bird dog trials differ slightly from place to place, depending on what game is used and whether or not natural game is plentiful. Where natural game is not available, birds are planted.

Bird dogs, as their name implies, specialize in scenting and finding game birds such as quail, grouse, partridge and pheasant. They are run in braces during a trial, and because they range over a lot of ground, judges, handlers and the gallery follow on horseback.

The dogs sweep the course trying to locate and point the hidden birds while the judges score them for their bird sense, speed, range, style and stamina. To control the dogs, handlers use a

variety of hand and whistle signals. When a dog comes to point, the handler flushes the bird out of cover and fires a blank from his revolver. The dog must remain steady to the shot. It is also a rule that the dogs must back the point of their brace mate, which means if one dog points a bird the other dog, who may not see or scent anything, must automatically honor it and come to point himself.

LAND & WATER TESTS

Another popular division of the field trial sport is that for retrievers—Labradors, golden retrievers and Chesapeake Bay retrievers—who perform at returning fallen game in a series of land and water tests. Unlike pointers, who must find their own game, retrievers generally work with birds released and shot in front of them. They must retrieve all kinds of game birds, whatever the hazards. Blind as well as marked retrievers are given.

In the marked retrieves a dog is allowed to see where the bird falls. On blind retrieves the birds are hidden in cover beforehand and the dogs must retrieve them by obeying directions and signals from their handler. Sometimes more than one bird is shot for the same test and the dog is required to mark and remember each position and retrieve them one after the other

continued on next page

THEIR DAY

by REGINALD WELLS

Training your own dog and handling it in local field trials is not an excessively expensive pastime. It takes about a year to train a bird dog and if you don't want to do the job yourself a professional handler can be hired. If you catch field trial fever in some of the costlier breeds—particularly bird dogs or retrievers—and get the itch to prove your dog's worth on the big-time circuits, then be prepared to support an extra family of two—the dog and its handler—and pay the cost of junketing back and forth across the nation on field trial tours. Be prepared, also, to say goodbye to your dog. Between its training and campaigning it might be able to fit in a couple of months with you at home per year.

Despite this, thousands of field trial fans are bitten by the big-time bug and it is in these major circuit trials



FLYING LEAP is made by black Labrador as it begins water retrieve. Dogs must enter water boldly without help from handler, who directs dog by hand and whistle signals.

FIELD TRIAL HALL OF FAME

Known among connoisseurs as "the father of the modern pointer," Fishel's Frank was a titan of the breed and sired 57 winners before he died in 1916. The only modern dog honored with pillars of the breed was Luminary, who sired 93 winners and died in 1948. Mary Montrose was the only bitch elected to the Hall of Fame. She won the National Championship three times. Muscle Shoals' Jake was the controversial dog of its day but earned its place with the greats after siring 97 winners. John Proctor, a son of Fishel's Frank, won 23 placements, including 14 firsts, and sired 49 winners. These portraits of the dogs were painted for Hall of Fame by noted artist Iwan Lotton.



FISHEL'S FRANK (1884-1916)



LUMINARY (1927-1948)

HUNTING DOGS HAVE THEIR DAY continued from page 29

with as little handling as possible.

A spectacular retrieve by Champion Chesapeake Dilwyne Montauk Pilot some years ago is a classic example of the way a good dog works. He was given a blind water retrieve of two ducks. One fell dead but the other was only crippled. Pilot noticed the other duck escaping and immediately dropped the dead one to go after the cripple. He reached it in spite of heavy tides and winds but it started to dive.

Undaunted, Pilot dove after it time and again and finally caught the bird and retrieved it. Then, swimming in ever widening circles and looking back for directions from his handler, Pilot managed to locate and retrieve the dead duck.

The instinct which is as much a part

of a champion retriever's qualities as his training was eloquently illustrated in the 1954 National Champion Stake, held in November at Weldon Springs, Mo. Major VI, the black Labrador who won the title, made his first retrieves far from the hunting field—according to its owner, Mrs. Fraser M. Horn of Southampton, N.Y., his first training was retrieving empty beer cans from around a Long Island bar.

BEAGLES ARE FAVORITES

The biggest boost to field trials, however, was given by a little hound called the beagle. There are now more beagles registered with A.K.C. (52,262) than any other purebred dog in America, and of the more than 2,000 A.K.C.-sanctioned trials held last year approx-

imately 1,700 were for beagles. The beagle's climb to the throne is due in part to the fact that it comes nearest to being an all-purpose dog, equally in demand as a pet in the home and as a show dog and sporting dog. Also, almost any section of the country has the game it chases—rabbits—in abundance. Beagles do not require the same degree of expertness in handling as do some of the other sporting breeds, and they are easier and cheaper to keep.

The hard core of this segment of the sport is a passionately dedicated army of "single houndmen"—farmers, weekend hunters, city workers with a hobby—who own just one or two hounds and enjoy them as pets and hunting dogs. A smaller, but no less dedicated, group in the beagle fraternity is the



PUBLIC FAVORITES both as pets and field trial dogs are beagles, which require less expert handling than other sporting breeds and are usually easier and cheaper to keep.



MIXED PACK of best hounds in National Beagle Club trials at Aldie, Va. move



MARY MONTROSE (1915-1922)



MUSCLE SHOALS' JAKE (1920-1923)



JOHN PROCTOR (1920-1923)

pack masters, people with more time and money who prefer to run beagles as individually owned packs with much of the formality of a fox hunt.

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY

At the great majority of beagle field trials the dogs are run in braces, with the judging being carried out on a points system which can lead to championship status. The beagle's object in the trials is to find game and drive it "in an energetic and decisive manner, showing an animated desire to overtake it," according to A.K.C. rules. The amount of game found is not as important as the quality of working the ground. Accuracy in trailing, endurance and obedience are the points watched for by the judges.

Teamwork and not individual performance counts in the pack events. The ideal pack of beagles—whether four, eight or 16 are hunting together—should, when their turn comes, briskly apply themselves to the search for a rabbit, stay close together and turn to the huntsman's horn. When a hound opens—the hunters' term for barking on finding the scent—the others should fly to him, and when the scent is certain in their minds and to their noses they should all pursue it as one with great drive and cry, and should push their rabbit to a definite end—to a kill or to ground.

Top event for single hounds is the International Beagle Federation Spring Derby Trial held near Pittsburgh, which annually attracts so

many challengers that its stakes have to be held in four different places at the same time. The top annual event for packs is the National Beagle Club's pack trials held at Aldie, Va., won by Reese Howard's newly formed North Country Beagles from Michigan.

A milestone in the field trial sport was reached last year with the establishment of a Field Trial Hall of Fame. Instituted by *The American Field* magazine, the Hall of Fame is restricted to pointing dogs but now that the pattern has been set it is likely that other breeds will be similarly immortalized. Four outstanding pointers of the past and one comparatively modern dog were named to the new Hall, as well as five sportsmen who pioneered the sport in this country.

continued on next page



off at start of a three-hour stake followed by masters, whips, judges and the gallery.



HOUSES ARE PAINTED with identifying numbers before the three-hour stake.



SQUIRMING ARMFUL is held by Anne Wing, Joint Master of Sandanana Beagles.

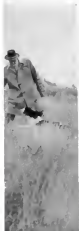
THERE are no greater devotees of the sport of field trials than those owning spaniels, either cocker or springer. From the East, where it originated, the breed's popularity has stretched right out to the West Coast. Spaniel trials are similar to those for retrievers in that the dogs retrieve game, but they also have to find and flush it for the gun. Most tests are run over land on pheasants, but a nominal water test is given with ducks to prove the dog will enter water upon command.

While searching, spaniels are not allowed to range deep into the field but must stay within about 30 yards of the gun, its normal effective range. Tested in the customary braces, the dogs hunt on parallel courses and must not interfere with each other. They are supposed to cover the ground briskly and quietly in the zigzag fashion known as "quartering" the course. Upon flushing a bird, the dog must drop to the ground so that it doesn't charge on and flush others while the gun is empty. If the bird falls in the other dog's course he must fetch and his brace mate must leave it alone.

Winner of the 1954 National English Springer Spaniel Field Trial Championships run on the Crab Orchard Lake Refuge, Herrin, Ill. (Dec. 2-5) was a 2½-year-old named Ludlovian Bruce of Greenfair, the youngest dog ever to win it. Owned by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Quirk of Greenwich, Conn., Bruce beat out a field of 34 and was handled by Lawrence MacQueen, who also handled the winner of the National Cocker trial (right). For some of the hand and whistle signals used to direct and control spaniels during field trials, see below.



CHAMPION COCKER Shawfield Glenfire poses with Handler Larry MacQueen after winning 1954 National Cocker Field trial.



HANDLER'S SIGNALS are demonstrated by Arthur R. Eakin, a top spaniel trainer. These are the only permissible means of controlling dogs during field trials. 1) The "high on," which directs or

"casts" dog to the right. 2) A left-hand cast. 3) "Hupp," or stop signal, given with one short blast on the whistle. 4) The turn, two blasts on whistle with handler pointing out a direction for dog.



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The Virgin Islands

RUNNING, balking, jumping after a fashion, the donkeys shown here in the second of Artist John Groth's reports on Caribbean playgrounds are engaged in an annual extravaganza staged by the Jonkey Club of St. Croix, in the Virgin Islands. Here, 40 miles east of Puerto Rico in the Lesser Antilles, a mountainous paradise rises from the sea. Once a Danish possession and long ago the greatest slave market of the western world, the Virgin Islands today are a mixture of three cultures, with ancient ruins for the sightseer and crystal waters for the undersea explorer, and are rapidly becoming a favorite vacation spot in the beautiful Caribbean area.



by John Girth



An illustration of a large, weathered stone sugar mill with multiple arched openings. In the foreground, two people are riding bicycles along a dirt path. The person in front is wearing a dark shirt and a hat, while the person behind is wearing a red and white striped shirt. The background shows a cloudy sky with a single bird in flight.

Virgin Islands

Continued

PICTURESQUE and crumbling, old sugar mills like the one at left dot the landscape of St. Croix. These ruins are relics of the once-thriving sugar industry developed by the Danes when they controlled the islands. When other, larger countries began to concentrate on sugar most of the Virgin Islands' markets were swallowed up.

Now, with the advent of the tourist trade, islanders are cashing in on other natural resources, such as the boundless opportunities for spear fishing. In the gin-clear waters around the islands there is a world of marine life, from exotic coral formations up through game fish like wahoo, tuna and barracuda. All along the miles of beaches skin divers like these below, fully equipped with snorkel breathing devices, spear guns and flippers, spend hours exploring and fishing through these underwater wonders. Islanders, capitalizing on the interest in this sport, have set up several skin diving schools.



THE BIG SLEEP

by JOHN O'REILLY

When animals hibernate they enter a nether-world existence wherein their bodies practically cease to function. Herewith an informed look at what happens underground during winter's meanest weather

WHEN winter closes in over most of the country, man heads for the islands (opposite) or buys himself a new overcoat. Animals make less fuss about coping with the cold. Some grow winter overcoats, others shut out the frigid and uninviting world by hibernating.

True hibernation is an astonishing process. By this comfortable device an active, warm-blooded animal, which is usually busy converting food into energy, suddenly chucks the whole business. Biologically speaking, the critter shuts up shop. Its metabolism slows way down. Its body temperature drops to within a few degrees of its surrounding temperature. Breathing and pulse are barely perceptible. The animal enters a nether state bordering on death. In this condition it loses hardly any weight as it remains in its den and lets winter go hang.

According to this definition the black bear, although widely considered a hibernator, doesn't really hibernate at all. When the bear goes into its den or curls up in a deep snowdrift it goes to sleep or languishes in a state of drowsiness. Its body temperature remains normal; it is using up its fat and it loses weight. It may be asleep but it is very much of this world.

FEMALES GIVE BIRTH

Many a hunter has stumbled onto the winter den of a bear to find that the occupant was far from insensible. Dr. Harold E. Anthony, chairman of the Department of Mammals at the American Museum of Natural History, gives further proof that bears don't hibernate in the strict sense. If a female bear was really in the comatose state of actual hibernation, he says, she would be unable to give birth to her young in winter and nurse them.

The largest of the true hibernators in this country (with the exception of the hoary marmot, a somewhat better, very close relative who lives in the Northwest and whistles) is the well-known woodchuck. When the weather gets cold and food is scarce, it just

crawls into its burrow and rolls itself up into a tight ball with its head between its legs. Its breathing becomes slower and slower until a mere trickle of air enters its lungs. Its pulse weakens and its body grows colder until its temperature is down around 45 to 55°.

Once in this state the woodchuck has knocked himself out completely. Yell at him and he shows no sign of hearing. Touch him and he makes no response. Lift up this inanimate ball of fur and carry it into a warm room and you'll find that, unlike the bear, the woodchuck is not easily aroused. He takes his time. Sometimes it takes several hours for him to become his normal, alert self. The first sign that he is on the road back is a gradual increase in the rate of his breathing. He uncurls a bit and his eyelids flicker. His paws make little movements as though he were having a dream.

When his breathing has reached a normal rate he gasps as his sluggish lungs get to work again. In time he tries to get to his feet. He is recovering now and shivers miserably. At last he

is ready to resume normal life—the woodchuck who came back.

There are many hibernating mammals but some of the more familiar ones lack this facility. First-class hibernators include ground squirrels, chipmunks, some bats, prairie dogs and jumping mice. Skunks crawl into a hole and drowse for several weeks but they don't hibernate. Neither are raccoons true hibernators, although they too can sleep away a cold spell.

At various times it has been suggested that it might be good for people to try hibernation, that it might be good for a man to relax for a while. About the only instance I know of a human being attempting hibernation was in the case of the late Arthur E. (Turkey) Gehrke, the hibernating bar-keeper of Watertown, Wis. At the first cold spell of November Gehrke, a 230-pounder, would crawl into his bunk and remain in his locked bedroom on the second floor until spring. But Gehrke was like the bear: a sleeper but not a real hibernator. His wife had to sneak food up to him on a dumb-waiter.



GLOWERING OUT AT THE INTRUDER WHO AWAKENED IT, A BEAR LIES DRUG IN ITS DEN

BLACK ICE, FLYING SKATES

FAST TAKE-OFF FLYING CAMEL STARTS



ARMS, LEGS EXTEND AT PEAK OF LEAP



JUMP ACTION ENDS IN BACK CAMEL SPIN



A young Gold Medalist who skated her way to the Eastern States title and the Swiss International Championship describes the sport which she has made her life's career: "a disciplined passion, an absorbing art"

by SHEILA MULDOWNY

I DON'T REMEMBER when I first put on a skate; I wish I did. My parents tell me that it was a Sunday afternoon when they had taken me to the Rockefeller Center rink in New York for a few hours of exercise. I don't remember how it felt to me either; I think it was a confusing and somewhat overwhelming experience. For I had found the art that was to be my life and I was only five years old.

Perhaps all sports enthusiasts are alike in that they enjoy their sport for the fun and pleasure they get out of it. For me, skating has been more than that. It has given me friendships, travel and wonderful memories. For the sake of skating, I have spent days sewing 12,974 bugle beads on an exhibition dress; I have changed into skating costumes in a bar filled with exuberant Italian soldiers and then gone out and skated for them in 20-below-zero cold; I have skated in four Italian cities in two days. I've practiced an artistic exhibition number in a Paris arena with a motorcycle pacing a bike race 50 feet away. It sounds crazy; I'm still one of thousands of skaters who are going down to the rink tomorrow, who are praying for the pond to freeze or breaking in their new Christmas skates.

It isn't an easy life. When I joined the Junior Skating Club of New York

in Madison Square Garden, I was a once-a-week skater. I remember very clearly how it expanded to twice a week, three times a week and finally became a daily routine, with the alarm clock ringing at 5:45 every morning so that I could get in an hour and a half's practice before school. When I started competing, I skated at summer schools as well, from Schumacher, Ontario to Lake Placid, N.Y. In the years since, I have trained and skated in more than half a dozen different countries, from Canada to Italy and Scandinavia, watching and working with the best in the world.

FROM CRUDE BEGINNINGS

Knowing the skate is fundamental to the beginner. It has developed over centuries from a crude runner of bone, wood, or, later, iron to a finely tooled instrument of polished steel. The basic pattern of the modern figure skate emerged in 1850; it was first hollow-ground in the 1870s and has remained virtually unchanged since then. The blade has a slight curve from toe to heel and is sharpened to two fine edges, with a shallow groove between. On the toe of the blade are two rows of teeth which, to the advanced skater, are almost as useful as the edges themselves.

The edges are all important to the

MODERN FIGURE SKATE IS PRECISION INSTRUMENT



Length of skate is exactly measured and curved. The edges are all important to the skater; two rows of teeth are used for steps and toe-jumps.



TOOTH

WEAR EDGE

OUTSIDE EDGE

skater. A skater must skate on the edges of the blade—they provide the forward motion—or backward, as the case may be—when the skater exerts pressure on them by leaning on the inside or the outside edge. The pressure thus exerted on the edge of the curved blade causes the skate to move in a gentle arc. A series of these arcs, depending on which edge of the blade is used, are called forward outside or forward inside edges. In skating backward, they are called backward inside or backward outside edges. These four edges constitute the fundamentals on which figure skating is based.

NO DOUBLE RUNNERS

There is a close relationship between the foot and the edges of the skates—the outside edge pertains to the outside of the foot, the inside edge to the inside. This is one reason why it is important to start skating on single-blade skates, not the double runners so often given to their children by over-anxious parents. From the very first venture on the ice, the skater must get the feel of his skate, the way it works together with his foot, and that vital sense of balance which only single-blade skates can give him. The double-runner skate gives the beginner a false sense of balance and a sledlike motion, both of which have to be corrected later. And the weak ankles which most beginners blame for their tendency to tip over on the sides of their feet are often not weak at all—they can usually be corrected by boots which fit properly over a thin pair of woolen socks, and blades which are set properly on the boots.

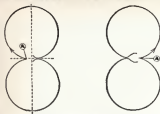
For their first attempts on the ice, novice skaters should be helped by a teacher or a friend—or even the always-handly railing around the rink. Each beginner must find his own sense of balance; and, just as in learning to ride a bicycle, it will be found. Once this is acquired, skating becomes fun, and the beginner is ready for more serious instruction. Many skaters are content to have learned this much; to them, skating has become a pleasure and a social diversion, like dancing. Others like myself, however, will find that it is an absorbing art, a passion which they cannot leave but must develop—

continued on next page

STARTING A SPIN. Sheila Muldowny shows form and enthusiasm which carried her to championships. Her final step is on back inside edge, gathering speed for spin on front part of blade on her right foot.



FIGURES AND PATTERNS

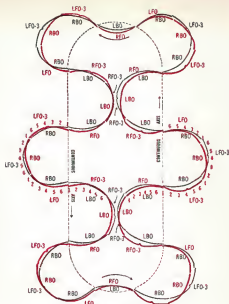


FORWARD AND BACKWARD EIGHTS



BACKWARD CHANGE OF EDGE

All 68 school figures are based on diagrams above and at left. In forward outside eight, skater starts full circle at A, changes edge for exact push-off when the circle is completed, then does second circle on same edge of other foot. Backward eight is performed similarly. Backward change of edge (left) combines both figures with change of edge at A and B. In American waltz (right) edges are indicated by symbols: LFO—Left Forward Outside; 3—three-turn from the forward to the backward edge.



THE AMERICAN WALTZ

SKATING *continued*

and for them there is a long road of hard but rewarding training ahead.

School figures (above, left) are the first which must be learned. The major portion—about 60%—of all figure skating competition is school figures. They consist of the four fundamental edges extended into full circles which may incorporate turns such as three, loops, brackets, counters and rockers. The advanced figure skater must master all 68 of the recognized international figures to compete in the major competitions, such as the National Senior, the North American, the World and the Olympic championships. And school figures, as easy as they may seem, can only be learned by practice which finally makes their execution almost instinctual.

School figures are graded by a panel of judges who award from one to 10 points for the skater's execution of the figures required. Not only the skating form is judged, but also the tracings on the ice left by the flying blades.

Final judgment is made on the basis of correctness of the tracing, carriage and movements, triple repetition—each figure must be skated three times on each foot—and the size of the figure. The judges often get down on hands and knees to study tracings and satisfy themselves that the proper edge has been used consistently by the skater.

THE CREATIVE PHASE

Discipline, exactness and control characterize the school figures—but free skating, which makes up the other element of singles competition, combines the art and music of the dance with the fluid motion and grace which only skates can give. This is the truly artistic and creative phase of figure skating. Within an allotted time, the contestant executes a short original program which contains spirals, dance steps, spins, jumps and inventive combinations of all of these and more. His performance is judged on content of the program as well as on its execution. Free skating is also done in pairs, with the various steps, spins, jumps

and lifts executed in perfectly coordinated rhythms—a spectacle of breathtaking beauty. As in singles, pairs are judged on content and performance and awarded from one to 10 points.

The third area of competition is dancing. Here is all the precision and intricacy of the school figures, done to set patterns (above) and skated to music.

Major competitive dancing is made up of compulsory and free dances. There are 17 official compulsory dances which employ various combinations of turns, steps and positions. Like school figures, these must be learned and practiced to the point of complete mastery—a twined and intertwined pattern of forward and backward motion measured and balanced to adaptations of ballroom music. The most popular of these dances are the American waltz, the 14-step, the tango and the foxtrot.

Free dancing is what the name implies—a free, creative effort on the part of the skater, made up of various steps and positions of the compulsory dances combined with ideas of the skater's

own. Free dancing is graded on the same basis as free skating—performance and content. In dancing, however, the rating is on the basis of 100 points: 40 points for music interpretation, 30 for style, 30 for technique.

The United States Figure Skating Association, founded in 1921 by A. Windsor Weld, is the official organization for amateur skaters. The USFSA administers tests in its 114 member clubs located in 29 states and the District of Columbia. These tests, ranging from rather easy for the preliminary test to extremely difficult for the eighth or Gold Medal test, provide a constant incentive for individual improvement. As figure skating is not a team sport, this impetus is important to the competitive skater, who often practices as long as eight hours a day. Barbara Ann Scott has estimated that she had spent 20,000 hours in practice prior to her Olympic victory in 1948. Only the seventh and eighth tests include free skating. The preliminary and first through sixth tests are based entirely on school figures. For ice dancing there are four tests—Preliminary, Bronze, Silver and Gold—all based on the compulsory dances. Aside from administering tests, the USFSA formulates rules and regulations, publishes a periodical and generally attempts to further figure skating in the U.S.

WHERE HUMAN JUDGMENT COUNTS

Competitions and tests are judged in much the same manner, and the contestant is always skating for the judges' approval. Even in competition, most skaters feel they are skating for the judges rather than against their adversaries. In skating, there is no goal line to cross for a touchdown, no bleachers clearly defining a home run and no second hand to bent around the clock for a record—only human judgment. This judgment is of course fallible, and not until someone invents a mechanical monster capable of grading skating will we have an infallible system—and such an invention is hardly likely. Figure skating is an art and must be appreciated as such; like diving, it is judged by the eyesight, knowledge and opinions of other human beings.

Tests and competitions are rigid and rigidly controlled—perhaps too much so when it comes to the judging panels. The older generation dominates them almost completely. With figure skating expanding as rapidly as it is, new blood among the judges should be welcome—and there are young Gold Medal skaters and champions



TEACHING SMALL FRY. Sheila shows a youngster at the Junior Skating Club of New York how to stretch for a spiral. She frequently helps out at the club when she isn't busy designing skating clothes for The Sports Locker Inc.

who are interested and could qualify.

World competitions have an extra difficulty for Americans. Most U.S. competition skaters practice on indoor rinks; but the officials insist that the major competitions be held outdoors. Wind, weather, temperature changes and changing conditions of the ice itself bring added difficulties for the skater who is used to the uniform conditions of indoor rinks.

WATCH THE GIRLS

Americans, since the success of Dick Button, have always held the men's title in world competition, whereas in the women's, pair's and dancing competitions we have had difficulty. This year's women's champion was a German girl, Gundi Busch, but in future competitions the girls to watch are the Canadians and the young Dutch and Austrian girls. In the pairs, the Canadians Frances Dufour and Norris Bowden have proven superior in the

past few years, while the ice dancing of the British, primarily Jean Westwood and Lawrence Demmy, has proven untouchable. For the men, the only one who came close to our standards was a young Czech, Karol Divin, who only skated in the Europeans. He had to pass up the world competition in Oslo for a date in Moscow.

Skating is an ancient sport; and yet it is eternally a young one. With new rinks being built all the time, and more and more people growing conscious of its wonderful potentials, it may grow to grand proportions in America within the next decade. And with the Olympics only a year away and none of the 1952 champions returning to defend their titles, the top ranks are wide open—which, after all, is as much an incentive to the truly dedicated skater as that first, faint, glowing thrill when with his new skates he takes his initial step into that gliding, whirling world which champions live for.

A SKIER'S BEST FRIEND

No skier is better than the boots he wears. Here's what to look for in a pair that you want to last you many a snowy season

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK

THE most vital function of a ski boot is to join a foot to a ski with a comfortable firmness that does not chafe and prevents lateral movement, while permitting freedom of *Vorlage*—forward leaning. It should also keep out

the snow. The manufacturers of the boots shown on the facing page have solved these problems in various ways. Most of these boots are really two boots, one inside the other. The inner is a softer, padded, foot-molding one;

the outer a strong-walled support. Those that do not have a complete inner shoe (André, Baas, Sandler) have a hugging corselet. Boots in the column at left have a hinged heel to permit freedom of *Vorlage*. Those in the center lace front and rear, and those on the right have notched uppers to give *Vorlage* room.

There is no ski boot available for much under \$30 which measures up to a skier's requirements. The leathers should be both chrome and vegetable tanned to make them moisture proof and last for years without stretching. They should preferably be sewn by hand. There are other fine boots than those shown here, and each maker has several models. But every skier, from novice to champ, should be able to find his best boot bet among this selection. Properly cared for—neversaddle-soaped (which causes leather to stretch), never dried before a fire nor worn for a bit of after ski dancing, and kept on trees—they should last him for many years.



HENKE BOOT (left) demonstrates heel-hugging inner boot, sturdy outer wall, snow-proof padding around ankle. More than 25,000 pairs of this boot were sold last year. The popular Molitor 116 (below) shows that the inner boot is an entirely separate shoe. The tongue and inner shoe are softly padded with felt in this model, though many boots have foam-rubber padding. The ankle collar anchors at the heel. Like all other boots shown here, the Molitor is made over American lasts, a very important factor in European-made boots, since European feet are wider than American.



BOOT TREES of the outside type, like this Barrecafter model (\$2.95), are easy to carry, should be used to keep the soles from curling and allow boots to dry properly.

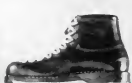
CORNWALL "RACER," ITALY, \$54.50



MOLITOR "115," SWITZERLAND, \$49.95



HENKE "SLALOM," SWITZERLAND, \$45.50



TYROL "SUPER," CANADA, \$45



RAICHLÉ "ST. MORITZ," SWITZERLAND, \$49.95



STROLZ, AUSTRIA, \$40



LIMMER "RACER," U.S.A. (CUSTOM), \$40



ANORÉ, U.S.A. (FRENCH MADE), \$55



GARMISCH, GERMANY, \$58.95



KASTINGER, AUSTRIA, \$42.50



LE TRAPPEUR, FRANCE, \$52



BASS, U.S.A. (SWISS MADE), \$42.50



NORDICA "ADDA," ITALY, \$32



MEINGAST, AUSTRIA, \$45



SANGLER, U.S.A. (GERMAN MADE), \$29.95



100 MPH AND UP

Europe's latest model sports cars offer the American enthusiast speed, stamina and beauty in a wide variety of colorful models

by JOHN BENTLEY

A SPORTS CAR," says David Brown, head of the British automotive and tractor group which builds the famous Aston-Martin, "must be capable of accelerating from a standstill to 100 mph and braking again to a full stop inside 60 seconds." The definition demands too much of many medium-powered, modestly priced machines that qualify on all other counts, but it serves to illustrate the qualities a sports car lover looks for. Most will compromise on a machine versatile enough to handle as easily in traffic as it does on a race track, and the cars shown on the following pages, Europe's latest models, exemplify these standards.

When and where the first true sports car broke away from the rugged, belabored tradition of the mammoth "racer" to acquire more tractable habits is a favorite subject of argument among lovers of the sporting speedsters. It seems likely, though, that the four-cylinder, "Alfonso" Hispano-Suiza of 1910—a beautifully built and very roadable little car with a T-head engine—sired the new breed.

Today it is unnecessary to spend a fortune acquiring a detuned version of last year's Grand Prix winner in order to own a sports car. Many of the more successful examples of the breed claim no racing origin but stem from production touring models whose components have been modified in the light of practical road tests.

Sports cars fall into three general groups: sports coupé, sports touring and *turismo* type cars. In the first

group are those purebred, direct descendants for which Italy is famous—Maserati, Ferrari, Alfa Romeo and Lancia. Britain, because of a certain genius for improvisation, predominates in the second group with such makes as the Austin-Healey and Triumph TR2; the Jaguar XK 120 (in its original form) and the ubiquitous little MG. The *turismo* category is something else again. Often used as a generic term, the name has come to imply exclusively cars with comfortable and practical enclosed bodywork, yet suitable for high-speed rallies and certain "production series" races. Prime examples of such cars are the Lancia Aurelia Gran Turismo (SI, Nov. 1) and the Alfa Romeo 1900 TI which did so well in the Mexican *Carrera Panamericana*.

Taken as a group, this year's crop of sports cars differs little from its 1954 counterpart. Of the 16 makes shown here, only one is brand-new—the British Doretti. Despite its picturesque Italian name, the Doretti was designed by an Englishman named Rainbow. It is, in fact, a luxury version of the Triumph TR2, using the same engine and running gear in a tubular chassis of longer wheelbase. The Doretti, with bodywork by the old, established Swallow firm, symbolizes a clean break with the unimaginative school of thought that grudgingly gave up the stubborn classicism of the box on wheels only to turn British sports cars into timid copies of the bold Italian sweep.

The French Salmson is a pedigreed machine whose forebears included early

aircraft engines and various sports and racing cars famous in the '20s. Precision of manufacture and high performance are therefore inherent in the Salmson. Like the snub-nosed experimental hody of the little DB Panhard, its lines may be lacking in romantic appeal, but its engine qualities are undeniable. As for the Panhard, packed under that blunt hood is a two-cylinder engine of tremendous endurance with a greater wallop than that of many four-cylinder units of larger displacement.

Each of the other makes holds a specific appeal for the potential buyer. For instance the Mille Miglia Ferrari is the fastest and most powerful custom-built sports car on the market. The 300SL Mercedes is the fastest production series machine available and the only one to adopt fuel injection. The Alfa Romeo is equipped with turbo-cooled (finned) aluminum brakes of direct racing origin. The Jensen 541 reflects a new trend in the use of plastic for closed bodies. The Jaguar XK-140 is now offered with an optional 210 horsepower cylinder head originally used on the racing "C-Type," the victor of Le Mans; the Frazer-Nash Sebring, besides its beautiful styling, is the lightest and most powerful model yet produced by this elite small firm. The fabulous Pegaso features the greatest—and as yet most unproven—concentration of advanced engineering ideas ever grouped together in one car. The Porsche Type 550 Spyder not only is the fastest 90 cubic inch sports-racing car in the world but the only one with a quadruple overhead camshaft, rear-mounted engine.

There may be doubts as to the elusive definition of a sports car, but its impact on the spare-time activities of a quarter of a million Americans is unquestioned. The advent of such "sporting" cars as the Thunderbird, Corvette and Darrin indicates that in America the polished art of driving for fun has come back to stay.



FOUR NEW MODELS FROM ITALY



LANCIA AURELIA PF 200 coupe featuring jet styling and tail fins is a modern conception by the famous Italian coachbuilder, Pinin Farina. Powered by a unique V-6 engine of 118 hp, this car has the transmission and the rear axle combined in a single unit for optimum weight distribution and road-holding quality.



ALFA ROMEO TI (Turismo Internazionale) is competition version of famous 1900 four-cylinder model with two overhead camshafts. Output of 129-cu.-in. engine is 115 hp; speed: 129 mph. With this Pinin Farina custom body, the car retails for \$1,908 f.o.b. Italy. Delivery time, approximately four months.



FERRARI MILLE MIGLIA coupe by Pinin Farina, known as Type 455, is named after famous Italian Thousand Mile race. Its 12-cylinder engine develops 330 hp for a speed of 168 mph. Its 94-in. wheelbase, superb roadability and 2,150-pound weight ensure terrific performance. Price in the United States: \$16,000.



FIAT 1100 carries the model designation TV (Turismo Veloce) on its handsome grille. Of highly customized appearance, this is a stock coupe by Pinin Farina, selling at the rate of three a day. Rugged four-cylinder overhead valve engine is modified to produce 49 hp. Speed: 90 mph; price in Italy: \$2,800.

SIX OF BRITAIN'S NEWEST



JENSEN 541 is a handsome, limited-production, 110-mph custom job with a plastic body by Abbott, of typically British Essex. Austin-built, six-cylinder, 230-cu.-in. engine has 130 hp output. Adjustable shutters covering radiator are an unusual feature of this car. Price f.o.b. factory: \$3,600.



KIEFT 1100 is a late comer in the British sports-car field, built by small Wolverhampton firm famous for 500-cc race cars. Its Coventry Climax four-cylinder engine develops 75 hp, and was designed by ex-Jaguar and BRM engineers. Tubular chassis and plastic body ensure low weight and help account for 115 mph. U.S. price: \$4,200.



FRAZER NASH Sebring roadster, named after U.S. International sports-car race, is latest model in unique range of British competition cars. Bristol-built six-cylinder, overhead-valve engine develops 140 hp; de Dion rear axle follows racing practice. Top speed: 140 mph; price in Britain: \$6,300.



JAGUAR XK 140 All-Star model is a 1955 version of the famous XK 120 highly popular in U.S. The output of its six-cylinder, double-ram engine is boosted from 160 to 150 hp; other improvements include several styling changes, re-designed steering, and better cooling. Speed: 130 mph; prices in the United States start at \$3,450.



ALLARD hand-built streamlined coupe is latest model of make famous in U.S. sports-car racing. A custom body on Palm Beach chassis is offered either with "Consul" four-cylinder, 32-cu.-in., 47-hp engine, or "Zephyr" six-cylinder, 138-cu.-in. 71-hp unit, both of Ford manufacture. F.o.b. factory with larger engine: \$3,500.



DORETTI, despite its Italian name, is first product of new British manufacturer named Swallow-Doretti. One of the new 109-mph sports cars specially conceived for the American market, Doretti has a four-cylinder, overhead-valve Triumph TR2 engine of 121 cu. in., with 90-hp output. Price: \$2,965. Wire wheels are optional.

NEW GERMAN CARS



MERCEDES 300SL sports coupe has a six-cylinder, 183-cu.-in. engine of 240 hp, inclined on its side. Fuel injection replaces the carburetor; tubular chassis features independent suspension on all four wheels. The unusual body has upswinging, gull-wing doors. Speed: 160 mph; U.S. sales price: \$7,295.



PORSCHE "SPYDER" Type 550 competition roadster is a sports-racing model of aerodynamic design. Rear-mounted, air-cooled flat four engine with overhead camshafts displaces only 90 cu. in. yet develops 116 hp. Overall third in Mexican race, Type 550 can do 140 mph. Sells in U.S. for \$7,400.

THREE NEW FRENCH BEAUTIES



SALOMON smooth-lined coupe on E-T2 chassis is a postwar comeback effort of the veteran sports-car and aero-engine firm near Paris. Four-cylinder, 168-hp overhead camshaft engine displaces 140 cu. in.; transmission features clutchless shift. Speed is 110 mph. Price f.a.b. at French factory is \$4,200.



TALBOT LAGO Grand Sport is the newest streamlined version of famous model. Six-cylinder, 273-cu.-in. overhead-valve engine develops 215 hp; a self-shifting Contal electric transmission is featured. Speed 124 mph. Few of these luxury cars have been built since firm started on armaments project. Price in France: \$5,850.



PANHARD DB coupe with bulbous front, flush-mounted headlights carries experimental plastic body by Chausson. France's big press shop. Famed for Le Mans victories on Performance Index, the DB has front drive and a flat air-cooled twin engine of only 52 cu. in., 42 hp. Car is priced at \$3,560.

NEW PEGASO IN SPAIN



PEGASO Model Z-102 with custom Bertinetta body by Scatichik features ultramodern 171-cu.-in. overhead camshaft V-8 engine producing 250 hp, de Dion rear axle, five-speed transmission. Designed by Wilfredo Ricart, former Alfa Romeo engineer, it has a 160-mph speed, costs \$20,000. Supercharger optional.

What the WOMEN say!

"I couldn't be prouder of being a *Claster Subscriber* to any other magazine as I am of being one to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. This may sound strange coming from a girl—but I guess in this day and age there are many girls who have to be sports-minded in order to get a word in edgewise in a family conversation with a sports-minded father and brother."

Miss H. S.,
Cleveland, Ohio

"It's perfect. I wouldn't change anything. I find that the picture displays are especially good and bring out the basic idea of sports."

Rosemary Petrus

"I am the only girl in a sales and operational organization of 90 people. In conversation with these men—and in listening to their conversations—for about 10 years, I have become interested in practically every sport. But gee, what better way to keep informed, and add a little bit to the conversation myself, than *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*?"

Miss V. A.,
Memphis, Tenn.

"I found it delightful. It makes for colorful information even for those who, like myself, know little of sports."

Audrey Heburn

"Please accept our heartiest congratulations and profound thanks for your splendid publication. Having three teenage, sports-minded sons, I am more than ever conscious of the current need for such a well-rounded, high-level magazine."

Mrs. T. J. C.,
Coral Gables, Fla.

"*SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is the greatest. I'm sure it's made a hit everywhere with everybody."

Miss P. W.,
Decatur, Ala.

"Having a family of menfolk, you can be sure the new magazine is greatly appreciated. May I make a suggestion: how about an article now and then regarding rules and regulations on the different popular sports—for us women who hate to ask what seems to you like silly questions?"

Mrs. J. A.,
Inglewood, Calif.

"Your marvelous new magazine was again in this morning's mail. The main purpose in my subscribing to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* was originally for the pleasure of my husband and son, but after reading the first issues from cover to cover, this grand new weekly is going to be very instrumental in 'educating' a sports-ignorant housewife!"

Mrs. C. S.,
San Diego, Calif.

"Finally sports, as such, have a magazine of their own which they have long deserved. I sent our subscription in thinking that now a magazine would come that I could look at and read first, since my husband is not a sports-minded person (except for trout fishing). I found out only too late that here again I must take a back seat. The wonderful job that has been done to make *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* interesting to the apparently uninterested is amazing. Congratulations."

Miss H. S. R.,
San Bernardino, Calif.

"First and foremost—your magazine is TOPS! It covers a much wider range than I expected, and I am not only keeping up to date on my favorites—swimming, baseball and football, but also learning about new ones: sports car racing, mountain climbing, and sailing."

Miss L. L.,
Wichita, Kans.

"*SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is really a boon to us sports-dumb females. I've never cared much for sports nor understood the ones that are most important to the guys at school. But now, without Scoreboard and Coming Events I'd be lost, and your pictures are grand. After reading the first issues thoroughly, I'm convinced: sports—there's nothing like 'em. Please continue."

Miss D. B.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

"In the words of my sons, it is terrific. The color pictures are superb, and I am glad you will have more reproductions of great paintings pertaining to sports. *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune* are classics, and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* may well become one. I wish you very great success."

Faith Baldwin

"I think it's sensational. It's wonderful to be able to find a magazine that is full of sports without having to travel through fifty other magazines just to find that one thing you want to find."

Joan Crawford

"This is to let you know how delighted I am with your new magazine! Everything *Time* is to news, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is to sports. There is so much about it that I find it praises hard to condense in a short letter."

Miss E. W. A.,
Mentor, Ohio

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

W. W. Helman, Advertising Director, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

OTTO'S BIG GOODBY

Flashing through his last league game, Otto Graham of the Cleveland Browns beats a jinx and the Detroit Lions for the league title, then retires to the quiet life of a salesman

by MARTIN KANE



FOR NINE autumns Otto Graham of the Cleveland Browns has been a clear and present danger to opposing teams—a man who dodged coolly about the backfield as he picked out pass receivers with the unnerving slow deliberation of a small boy budgeting a dime over a showense full of candy. While the clock ticked off seconds and the hearts of thousands thumped an impatient rhythm, Graham would ponder and wait until at last a Brown receiver was able to break clear. Then he would throw the ball with his second great talent—the accuracy of a target rifle.

But there was one thing he could not do. He could not throw a touchdown pass against the Detroit Lions after Buddy Parker took over their coaching. Nor could he and Coach Paul Brown between them find a way to defeat Parker's Lions. In two play-off games, two league meetings and four exhibitions the Browns were unable to win until last Sunday.

Then in Cleveland's Municipal Stadium the Lions and Browns met for the National Football League title, the Lions favored by 2½ points, largely on the strength of the old jinx and its confirmation in the previous week's snowy encounter, won by Detroit 14-10.

But this was to be Otto Graham's last league game for the Browns, he said. Thereupon the 33-year-old quarterback, a fellow who has studied the oboe, the English horn, French horn, piano, cornet and violin, played a victory march for Cleveland that was a requiem for Detroit. He passed to three touchdowns, ran to three more, pitched out to another. He did it by himself and with the help of a Cleveland line that picked up his inspired tempo and on crucial plays tore apart the Detroit line as if it had been made of wet paper. Furthermore, he got from Fullback Maurice Bassett, only rookie to make the Browns' first team in his first year, the same fine protection he had enjoyed in the days of Chick Jagade and Marlon Motley.

But even with Bassett out of the game during

continued on page 52

ALL THROUGH the game Graham (No. 14) slipped easily away from Detroit tacklers to get off his telling passes. He put body English on the one at right, which was taken on the four-yard line by Ray Renfro, who scored twice on passes with sensational touchdown grabs.



most of the second half, Graham continued his fabulous, record-wrecking assault, piling on the pressure and up the points until three minutes before the game ended with the score Cleveland 36, Detroit 10. As he came out of the game the Cleveland fans howled their happy hearts out in adoration. Even Detroit fans cheered him. They had precious little else to cheer about.

For Bobby Layne, the Lions' great quarterback, was totally inadequate against the Cleveland defense. When he threw, there were two or more Browns slithering past his blockers, forcing him to launch the ball before he could find a clear target. Where he threw, there was a Brown defense man. It was the sort of defensive play which makes the gods of the game look like people.

It started out like any other Detroit-Cleveland game. Doak Walker kicked a 36-yard field goal in the first quarter and put the Lions in the lead for the only time in the game. Thereafter, despite Bill Bowman's touchdown, when Detroit was dragging behind 21-3, it was all Cleveland, all Graham.

A certain amount of unnecessary

gruffness prevailed throughout and persisted even after Charlie Ane of the Lions and Carlton Massey of the Browns were escorted to the sidelines.

NOW, BACK TO BUSINESS

But nothing mattered, really, except a man named Graham. For all that he was so effective in the air, gaining 161 yards thereby, the Browns' quarterback threw only 12 passes and three of these missed. It was just that he threw them, and they connected, when they counted most. Against this supreme efficiency and economy was Layne's desperate extravagance of 42 forwards, with only 18 completions for 177 yards.

In other games Graham, hulked in his search for a free pass receiver, has been likely to accept his fate and sit down gently just before the tacklers reached him—too precious a man to risk bone or ligament very often in carrying the ball, too prudent to throw it away and risk interception. But on Sunday he showed an unwonted lhtc grace in carrying the ball past tacklers on those occasions when a pass seemed likely to fail. Furthermore he ran the ball short distances to touchdowns on three plays. Two of these were sneaks and one was a five-yard keep.

There were the customary post-game statements.

"They were great"—Brown.

"What can you say?"—Parker.

"They outplayed us"—Layne.

"Haven't changed my mind about retiring"—Graham.

If Graham holds to his decision, he will be seen again in uniform only during the Pro Bowl game on Jan. 16 and the All-Star game next August.

There were 43,827 spectators paying \$289,126.43. Television and radio rights brought in \$101,250. Winning players thereby took record shares of \$2,478.57 each. The Lion losers got \$1,585.83 apiece.

Now Graham goes back to his various businesses in and near Cleveland. He is an assistant branch manager and a top salesman for the Manufacturers Life Insurance Company. He and Jim Hegan, Cleveland Indians catcher, last February opened a "discount house" to sell furniture, watches, household appliances and just about everything. And he's a stockholder in T. J. Paine's Company, which puts up gift packages of jams, jellies, honey and other sweets.

But none so sweet as the gift package Otto wrapped up for the Cleveland fans last Sunday.



GRAHAM not only threw three touchdown passes, he carried the ball across the goal line for three more in a relentless display of Cleveland power. In this one (above) he eluded clutching hands of Detroit tacklers by leaping across for a touchdown.

CELEBRATING in dressing room after the game, Cleveland—9 players cheer their first victory over a Parker-coached Detroit team in nine tries. Graham, center, in front of the man who is wearing socks will next appear in Pro Bowl game on Jan. 16.





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THE CUP COMES HOME

Getty Images



VIC SEIXAS AND TONY TRABERT TOOK CONFIDENCE AND EXPERIENCE ON TRIP

Determined American tennis players finally end the Australian domination

VIC SEIXAS and Tony Trabert are two Americans who know all about playing tennis in Australia. They've made four long trips there in quest of the Davis Cup which Australia carried away from U.S. shores in 1950. Three times Vic and Tony had sad trips home—without the Cup. But last week, before capacity Challenge Round crowds of 25,578 in Sydney's White City Courts, the Americans made good on their fourth try.

Australia's Lew Hoad served up eight double faults, foot faulted three times as Trabert led off with a 6-4, 3-6, 12-10, 6-3 victory the first day—sweet revenge for the hearthbreaker he dropped to Hoad in the 1953 Challenge Round.

Seixas, under a two-year wooden spell worked by Ken Rosewall's major backhand (Seixas lost eight of nine matches and six straight to Rosewall), conjured up some of his own medicine: a relentless attack on Ken's forehand to win, 8-6, 6-8, 6-4, 6-3. That night U.S. Captain Bill Talbot, who had predicted a 5-0 American sweep, said happily, "I am proud of my boys."

The next day—Tuesday—the Americans captured the deciding point for the U.S. with victory in the doubles, and the boys got ready to pack up the Cup.



TRABERT BEAT HOAD TO PUT THE U.S. AHEAD

HORSE RACING

WINTER WORKERS

The South and West offer employment for thoroughbreds who used to get some rest

by ALBION HUGHES



DETERMINE

THERE'S a pot of gold in winter racing. Big-name horses which 10 years ago would have hibernated like a millionaire taking a rest cure are now expected to work for their living the year round. Winter racing has become very big time indeed.

The current Santa Anita meeting, for instance, offers nearly \$1 million for the 29 stakes on its roster. At Hialeah, which opens January 17th, there is half a million to be panned out of 16 stakes during the 40-day meet. The Fair Grounds in New Orleans, while not in the upper financial echelons, nevertheless offers enough inducements to draw such talent as Roman Patrol and Royal Coinage, both of which are after the Louisiana Derby.

High Gun, top three-year-old of 1954, is going to race in Florida. Determine, leading money horse and winner of the Kentucky Derby, is entered in races both there and in California. Nashua is in Florida to prep for the Flamingo Stakes, in which his three-year-old courage will be tested. And his runner-up and closest rival, Summer Tan, not to be outdone, is right there sharing Barn A with him.

Although horsemen may differ as to

whether or not you can race a thoroughbred around the calendar without harming him, the public knows what it likes. Attendance figures in California last year topped those of New York for the first time, proving that winter racing and the star system have the popular vote.

Much of this credit for the round-the-clock zest for racing goes to Joseph E. Widener, who in 1931 took over Hialeah and turned it into a major tourist attraction. Widener, knowing that money is a magnet, made the purses important enough to draw better horses than had ever raced in Florida before. Three years later, California got into the act and Santa Anita came into being through the determination of Dr. Charles Strub. At least two of its races, the Santa Anita Maturity and the Santa Anita Handicap, are of as much national interest today as any races in the East.

TWO FOR THE MONEY

This year the Santa Anita Derby (February 19th) will be watched more closely than usual, thanks to last year's victory by the little gray, Determine, which put this one away before marching on Louisville to take the Kentucky

Derby. The two important candidates are Calumet's Trentonian and Murcin Stable's Blue Ruler.

The first of the winter's \$100,000 features is the Maturity on January 29th. But the Santa Anita Handicap February 26th is the stellar attraction for older horses. Calumet's Mark-Ye-Well has been assigned top weight of 130, making him the only horse except Seabiscuit, California's old idol, to head the weights three times. Determine is second with 129 pounds, or four over scale. He will probably be the favorite in Walter Marty's winter book. The quick-running gray is entered in the Widener at Hialeah February 19th.

Adding great interest to the meeting is the series of seven grass stakes to be run over the Camino Real turf course opened last year. Among these is the \$100,000 San Juan Capistrano.

There will be turf stakes at Hialeah, too. It was the Florida track, after all, that pioneered modern grass racing. Important on the schedule is the \$100,000 Widener February 19th and the big three-year-old tournament, the Flamingo, with its hundred-grand tag, on February 26th.

ACTION IN NEW YORK

Back in New York things are brewing. Last summer The Jockey Club acknowledged the need to make things more comfortable for the two-dollar bettor and his more prodigal brother and presented a plan by which the New York tracks would consolidate under the Belmont banner and be put on a nonprofit basis. Now Jim Butler, grandson of the doughty Irishman who fought (and beat) The Jockey Club some 50 years ago, is repeating history.

Butler, whose Empire City Racing Association was refused dates this year because it had no track and had been running at Jamaica, has come up with a plan which differs considerably from that of The Jockey Club. The major difference is that the nonprofit idea is out. So, one way or another, at long last, something may be done about the New York tracks, which are certainly not comparable to the rest of the country for comfort. Governor Averell Harriman, an old racing man himself, has made known his interest, and even conservative Ashley Trimble Cole, chairman of the State Racing Commission, has agreed that the once "big apple" of racing may turn rotten if something is not done.



THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

For 87 Years the South's Standard Newspaper

Sports Editor Furman Bisher reports on Light Heavyweight Champion Archie Moore's determined campaign to get a fight with Rocky Marciano and wonders if the IBC is waiting for 38-year-old Archie to grow old



Occasionally SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will reprint an outstanding sports column from a daily newspaper. The writer will receive a prize of \$250.

I HOPE Archie Moore was tuned in Wednesday night. They were talking about him on television after Bobo Olson, the Hawaiian, had fricasseed that Frenchman, unlucky Pierre Langlois. Archie, who's dying for a fight, would have loved it.

The way it happened, Olson was discussing ring matters with Russ Hodges, the voice of the hops. Russ was trying to convince Bobo that he'd just had a pretty tough fight, and Bobo wasn't buying any of that nonsense.

"He's a good boy," said Olson, in the manner of a father putting a small child on the head. "He's a good hitter but he's pretty awkward."

Then Hodges requested some notion of his future plans. "Do you plan to move up into a heavier division?"

"Well," wailed Olson, "I might. I'd be interested in fighting somebody like Archie Moore . . . whatever my manager thinks I should do."

That isn't exactly what Moore's got in mind, but he's the kind of guy who appreciates any sort of mention these days. Moore's attempting to buck the syndicate that runs boxing. He wants a fight with Rocky Marciano. The syndicate is making no move to match them. Moore, meanwhile, writes more regularly than most mothers, each letter driving home another reason he should have a bout with Marciano.

The other day he came up with the stunning idea of a double-header. He'd fight both Don Cockell, the British fat boy, and Nino Valdes, the Cuban, on the same card. The reason he'd make so vigorous an offer is the IBC has indicated at times that these two heavyweights were ahead of Moore in the line to get at Marciano.

From his 1115 Monroe St. address in Toledo then came a new gimmick. There was this letter from Moore with four blanks:

"Number of men on your staff—"

"Number who would like to see a Marciano-Moore fight—"

"Number who would pick Marciano—"

"Number who would pick Moore—"

The answers, in order, were: 10, 10, 10 and zero.

Since Moore has progress in mind, it isn't likely he'd take too well to a match with Olson. He has one title, light heavyweight champion of the world—carefully embossed on his stationery—and has in mind relieving Marciano of another. He could achieve nothing with Olson, except a good-sized wage for a night's work. All Olson wants is Moore's title.

There hasn't been any indication that Marciano will do any title defending for some time. He and his guardian, Al Weill, sit tight and say nothing, except on strategic occasions. Moore's 38 years old. Maybe Marciano and Weill and the IBC are waiting for him to age. Maybe they're waiting for this propaganda campaign of Moore's to hit such a deafening crescendo that they can fill any barn in the country with previously placed clients.

A Marciano-Moore match ordinarily would have made no grand imprint on the nation. Moore's diligent correspondence program could change all that and make it a better seller.

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BOWLING

THE ALL-STAR: I

With the annual contest about to begin, *SI's* columnist looks first to the ladies

by VICTOR KALMAN



MARION LADEWIG

CHICAGO

NEARLY 22 YEARS AGO, when they thought Joe Falcaro was on his deathbed, a group of bowling proprietors declared his U.S. title forfeited and awarded the crown to Joe Miller of Buffalo, winner of a national elimination tournament. The eliminations evolved into what is now known as the All-Star, an annual contest whose winners are almost universally recognized as men's and women's match game champions. For, although Falcaro recovered, sneered at Miller and Miller's successors and claimed the title until his death in 1951, the All-Star gained prestige through the years until today it ranks with the American Bowling Congress championships as one of the two most important events on the bowling calendar.

Spectator interest in this year's All-Star—Jan. 14-23 at Chicago's vast Coliseum—seems even keener than in 1953-54, when box seats were priced at \$6 and scalpers got as high as \$20 a ticket the final night, although the matches were televised. Many of the 160 men and 64 women—representing 25 states—who will compete have already come to town. They draw large crowds at their practice sessions, for it appears almost everyone here is looking for a longshot with a chance to win. Bookmakers quote odds on the All-

Star and the newspapers list them. "Who do you like?" the cab driver wants to know. Back at the hotel the bartender, the waiter, the valet ask the same question.

"Whom do you like?" wonders soft-spoken, fair-haired Howard C. Seehausen, executive director of the Bowling Proprietors Association of America. Bespectacled Seehausen, a former advertising executive with the physique of a half-miler and the mien of a youthful college professor, actually is more interested in putting on a successful show than in who wins. But "All-Star fever," as they call it here, grips even him.

The All-Star may lack the tradition, splendor and festive air of the ABC, but it has no equal in spectator appeal. The men roll 100 games (64 in the last four days) and women 56, a grueling test compared with the three-game singles and nine-game all-events on which ABC and Women's International Bowling Congress titles are based. Victory means at least \$25,000 to a man and \$15,000 to a woman in prize money, exhibition fees and endorsements.

Well, whom do you like? In the women's division it would be capricious to look beyond incredible Marion Ladewig, 40-year-old bowling instructor of

Grand Rapids, Mich. A fierce competitor, yet charmingly feminine off the lanes, Mrs. Ladewig has won all five women's events held so far and is odd-on to take the sixth. As if she weren't dominant enough, her top rival, Doris Knechtges of Detroit (197 average last season), underwent an operation and will not roll. And vivacious Sophie Cetinsky, highest average bowler in Cleveland, was plagued by a sore thumb earlier in the season and failed to qualify. Mrs. Cetinsky turned in scores of 190, 202, 233, 248 the other day in the Cleveland *Keyper* singles tournament, to give you an idea of the trouble she could have caused in the All-Star matches.

Another top bowler who didn't make the grade in the Ohio eliminations was Marge Merriek of Columbus, although her twin sister, Libby, a left-hander, will be here for the finals. (The twins hold the national doubles record of 513 for one game, Marge scoring 255 and Libby 258.) Short, sturdy Sylvia Wene of Philadelphia won the All-Star qualifying trophy three times, but has not been able to come through with big scores when she has needed them most—in the match competition following the qualifying rounds.

CARTER MAYBE

"When I'm defeated in the All-Star, I think the one who will do it will be Anita Cantaline," Mrs. Ladewig said recently. "She throws the best ball of any woman bowler I've seen in the country." But I doubt whether Mrs. Cantaline, of Detroit, is ready to step into the champion's shoes. Nor is another highly regarded Detroit bowler, Elvira Toepfer (195 average).

The simple fact is that the closest Mrs. Ladewig has come to losing was in December, 1951 when she hung in second place for two days. On the third day she opened with a record 255-279, went on to average 247-plus for eight games, and it was all over except for the signing of lucrative contracts. When I visited her two months ago, her composite mark in three leagues was a fantastic 214. Our talk was brief because she had to hurry off to the lanes for practice. Her fellow through needed brushing up, she said.

In the men's division, big (6' 1", 195 pounds) Don Carter, 27, of St. Louis vies for a record third consecutive triumph. Unlike Mrs. Ladewig, he does not dominate the field. It would surprise practically everyone except Carter if he were to win again. Next week I'll introduce some of the men the experts figure to beat him.



"They're very efficient, but deucedly hard to train!"



TIP FROM THE TOP



For golfers of all degrees of skill

from **CLAUDE HARMON**, pro at the Winged Foot Golf Club

I NEVER play a shot without first glancing at my hands. What I check before address is the alignment of the grip with the face of the club. They go together.

Most golfers know of this relationship between the hands and the club face—at least, they know it theoretically—but the ordinary golfer rarely puts it into practice. Very often, while he is fiddling with his grip, he inadvertently rotates the shaft and twists the club face out of alignment. Most pros, on the other hand, knowing that the grip is correct only when it is correctly aligned with the club face, take pains to check this fundamental of good golf. If you have ever watched Jimmy Demaret, you have no doubt seen him affix his grip, raising the club until his hands are only a foot or so in front of his eyes. Then Jimmy sights down the shaft and checks both his hands and the club head as one unit.

Gripping a club, you see, is like aiming a rifle. If your hands are improperly aligned with the club head, you will hit only a few isolated accurate shots. I never trust my grip entirely to feel. It can go off too easily, and after a couple of days the incorrect grip will feel fine and natural. Once you start your swing, you must trust entirely to feel, for your eye is fixed on the ball. However, before you start to play your shot, you have the chance to check the relation of the grip and the club head visually. The results are well worth the effort.



addressing ball, Harmon checks grip and club head



correct alignment



exaggerated depiction of incorrect alignment

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COMING EVENTS

● TV ● RADIO NETWORK: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

December 31 through January 9

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31

Baseball

(College tournaments)
Holiday Festival final, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.
(Professionals)
Fl. Wayne vs. Minneapolis, Fl. Wayne, Ind.
Philadelphia vs. Milwaukee, 7:15 p.m.; New York
vs. Boston, 9:15 p.m., Providence, R.I.

Football

● Qatar Bowl, Jacksonville, Fla.; Auburn (7-3-0) vs.
Baylor (7-3-0), 1:45 p.m. (Mutual).

Horse Racing

California Breeders' Trial Stakes, \$25,000, 7 f.,
2-yr.-olds, Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.

Sailing

Sugar Bowl regatta, New Orleans.

Track & Field

Sugar Bowl track meet, New Orleans.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1

Baseball

(Leading college games)
St. Joseph's vs. Scranton; Temple vs. Kentucky,
Carnegie Hall, Philadelphia.
Pennsylvania vs. Pittsburgh; Villanova vs. N. Carolina
State; Paestria, Philadelphia.
(Professionals)
New York vs. Milwaukee, New York.
Rochester vs. Philadelphia, Rochester, N.Y.
Syracuse vs. Boston, Syracuse, N.Y.

Boxing

● Caco Andrade vs. Ralph Dupas, lightweights,
New Orleans Auditorium, (10 rds.), 9 p.m. (ABC).

Football

● Rose Bowl, Pasadena, Calif.; S. California (8-3-0)
vs. Ohio State (5-5-0), 4:45 p.m. (NBC). Men to
watch: S. California's Aramis Bandy (77) & Ohio
State's Howard (Hap) Cassidy (80).
● Sugar Bowl, New Orleans; Navy (7-2-0) vs. Missis-
sippi (5-1-0), 2 p.m. (ABC). Men to watch:
Navy's George Welsh (11) & Mississippi's Eagle
Day (19).
● Orange Bowl, Miami; Nebraska (6-4-0) vs. Duke
(7-2-1), 1:45 p.m. (CBS). Men to watch: Nebraska's
Beb Smith (41) & Duke's Jerry Banger (36).
● Cotton Bowl, Dallas; Arkansas (8-2-0) vs. Geor-
gia Tech (7-3-0), 1:45 p.m. (NBC). Men to watch:
Arkansas' George Walker (40) & Georgia Tech's
Paul Rutenber (21).
● East vs. West Shrine Game, San Francisco, 4:15
p.m. (Mutual).
Sun Bowl, El Paso, Tex.; Texas Western (7-3-0)
vs. Florida State (8-1-0), 4:15 p.m.
Tangerine Bowl, Orlando, Fla.; Duquesne (5-0-0) vs.
E. Kentucky (8-0-1), 8 p.m.
● Salad Bowl, Phoenix, Ariz.
● Star All-Stars vs. Skyline Conference Sr. All-Stars,
11 a.m. M.S.T.

Hockey

Boston vs. New York, Boston.
Montreal vs. Detroit, Montreal.
Toronto vs. Chicago, Toronto.

Horse Racing

Sacramento Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 4-yr.-olds
up, Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.
Malibu Sequet Stakes, \$25,000, 7 f., 4-yr.-olds,
Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.

Squash Rackets

U.S. Open singles, University Club, New York.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 2

Baseball

Boston vs. New York, Boston.
Fl. Wayne vs. Philadelphia, Fl. Wayne, Ind.
Minneapolis vs. Rochester, Minneapolis.
Syracuse vs. Milwaukee, Syracuse, N.Y.

Football

Shrimp Bowl, Galveston, Tex.; Ft. Hood, Tex. vs.
Ft. Ord, Calif.

Hockey

Chicago vs. Toronto, St. Louis.
Detroit vs. Montreal, Detroit.
New York vs. Boston, New York.

Motorboating

Orange Bowl regatta, Int'l. Grand Prix & Inboard
regatta, Miami Beach.

MONDAY, JANUARY 3

Baseball

(Leading college games)
Duke vs. Florida State, Durham, N.C.
Indiana vs. Michigan, Bloomington, Ind.
Louisville vs. Notre Dame, Louisville, Ky.
Ohio State vs. Michigan State, Columbus, O.
Wisconsin vs. Iowa, Madison, Wis.
(Professionals)
Minneapolis vs. Philadelphia, Chicago.

Boxing

● Gil Turner vs. Italo Scarfichini, middleweights,
St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont).
● Gerald Dryer vs. Danny Giovannelli, welterweights,
Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m.
(ABC).

Tennis

Dixie championships, Tampa, Fla.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 4

Baseball

(Leading college games)
Kansas vs. Missouri, Lawrence, Kan.
NYU vs. W. Virginia, Manhattan vs. Brigham
Young, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.
N. Carolina State vs. Florida State, Raleigh, N.C.
(Professionals)
Milwaukee vs. Rochester, Milwaukee.
Minneapolis vs. Ft. Wayne, Elkhart, Ind.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5

Baseball

(Leading college games)
Dayton vs. Cornell, Dayton, O.
Duke vs. Temple, Durham, N.C.
Georgetown vs. Geo. Washington, Washington,
D.C.
Yale vs. Pennsylvania, New Haven, Conn.
(Professionals)
Fl. Wayne vs. Milwaukee, 7:45 p.m., Philadelphia
vs. Minneapolis, 9:30 p.m., Philadelphia.
Rochester vs. New York, Rochester, N.Y.

Boxing

Ray Robinson vs. Joe Rindone, middleweights,
Dlympus Stadium, Detroit (10 rds.)

Hockey

New York vs. Chicago, New York.

Toronto vs. Boston, Toronto.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6

Baseball

Fl. Wayne vs. Rochester, 7:30 p.m.; New York vs.
Boston, 9:30 p.m., Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.
Milwaukee vs. Philadelphia, Richmond, Va.
Syracuse vs. Minneapolis, Syracuse, N.Y.

Golf

Pas-Analogue Open, Inglewood C.C., Calif.

Hockey

Detroit vs. Boston, Detroit.

Montreal vs. Chicago, Montreal.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 7

Baseball

(Leading college games)
S. California vs. California, Los Angeles.
Stanford vs. UCLA, Stanford, Calif.
(Professionals)
New York vs. Milwaukee, New Haven, Conn.

Boxing

● Floyd Patterson vs. Willie Troy, light heavy-
weights, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (8 rds.), 10 p.m.
(NBC).

Golf

Los Angeles Open, El Rancho C.C., Los Angeles.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8

Baseball

(Leading college games)
Duke vs. N. Carolina State, Durham, N.C.
Duquesne vs. St. Francis (Pa.), Johnstown, Pa.
Illinois vs. Indiana, Champaign, Ill.
Iowa vs. Minnesota, Iowa City, Ia.
Kentucky vs. Georgia Tech, Lexington, Ky.
Michigan vs. Ohio State, Ann Arbor, Mich.
● Michigan State vs. Wisconsin, East Lansing, Mich.,
3 p.m. (CBS).
Missouri vs. Nebraska, Columbia, Mo.
N. Mexico vs. Utah, Albuquerque, N. Mex.
NYU vs. Notre Dame, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.
Nagata vs. St. Bonaventure, Canastota vs. St.
Joseph's (Pa.), Memorial Auditorium, Buffalo, N.Y.
Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, Villanova vs. Dayton,
Paestria, Philadelphia.
S. California vs. California, Los Angeles.
Stanford vs. UCLA, Stanford, Calif.
Temple vs. Lehigh, La Salle vs. Brandeis, Car-
negie Hall, Philadelphia.
(Professionals)
Minneapolis vs. Syracuse, Minneapolis.
● Philadelphia vs. Boston, Philadelphia, 3 p.m.
(NBC).
Rochester vs. Milwaukee, Rochester, N.Y.

Boxing

● Wallace (Bud) Smith vs. Johnny Gershwitz, light-
weights, Bay Front Auditorium, Miami (10 rds.), 10
p.m. (ABC).

Fencing

U.S. Pan-American team bouts, New York.

Football

Sr. Bowl All-Star game, Mobile, Ala.

Hockey

Detroit vs. Chicago, Detroit.

Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal.

Toronto vs. New York, Toronto.

Horse Racing

Santa Catalina Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 4-yr.-
olds up, Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.

Ice Skating

Nagata Int'l. championships, Buffalo, N.Y.

World barrel jump championship, Gressinger, N.Y.

Swimming

U.S. Pan-American synchronized swimming team
trials, Toole, Utah.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 9

Baseball

Boston vs. Rochester, Boston.
Fl. Wayne vs. Minneapolis, Fl. Wayne, Ind.
Milwaukee vs. Syracuse, Milwaukee.
New York vs. Philadelphia, New York.

Football

Hula Bowl, Honolulu; U.S. College All-Stars vs.
Hawaii All-Stars.

Golf

MacNaughton \$7,500 Pro-Amateur, Miami.

Hockey

Boston vs. Toronto, Boston.

Chicago vs. Detroit, St. Louis.

New York vs. Montreal, New York.

SCOREBOARD

A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECOGNITION

● **Mildred (Babe) Zaharias**, who won women's national open golf title after serious cancer operation, was voted **Female Athlete of the Year** in AP poll. ● **Rocky Marciano**, successful defender of heavyweight championship in two fights with Ezzard Charles, was named **Fighter of the Year** by *Ring* Magazine. ● **Bob Grim**, New Yankees pitcher with 29-6 record in first season, was selected **American League's Rookie of the Year** by Baseball Writers Association of America. ● **Ted Williams** of Boston Red Sox was elected comeback player of year in AP poll.

● **Lee Graza**, Cleveland Browns' star placement-kicker, was chosen **National Football League's Most Valuable Player** by *The Sporting News*. ● **Art Luppino**, University of Arizona halfback who set modern college one-season scoring record of 166 points, was picked for **Nile (Sweden)** Nelson sportsmanship award by Gridiron Club of Boston. ● **Ed Fargel**, U.S. Open champion from Clayton, Mo., was named winner of **Bes Hogan Trophy**, given annually by Metropolitan (N.Y.) Golf Writers Association to golfer who has overcome physical handicap.

RECORD BREAKERS

Bill Mihale, professional walker from Detroit who breaks record almost every time he competes, set new world mark of 35:01 for five miles at Los Angeles.

Wayne Oakley, Hanson High School senior, scored 114 points against St. Agnes for new Kentucky scholastic basketball record at Hanson, Ky. Oakley made 47 field goals, 20 free throws.

BASKETBALL

Kentucky swept past Utah 70-65, La Salle 69-54 to win open tournament at Lexington, Ky., remained No. 1 in AP poll. Wildcats came from behind in last eight minutes to beat tough Utah, took early lead, made it stand up against La Salle in final. **Phil Gravesmeyer**, **Bob Barrow**, **Billy Evans** were key scorers as Kentucky stretched winning streak to 30 straight. **Southern California** upset Utah 54-52 on **Dick Welsh's** driving lay-up with seven seconds to play for consolation trophy after losing to La Salle and Tom Gola 49-38 in opening game.

San Francisco pulled major surprise, trounced George Washington 78-57 to take All-College tournament at Oklahoma City. **Bill Russell**, 6 ft. 9 in., center, got 23 points for Dons, was named most valuable player.

Quintus Marinas trailed by 14 points in first half but rallied to whip Washington & Jefferson 69-38 in final of own Christmas Invitation tournament.

Duquesne won fourth game in five starts, rolled over St. Francis (Pa.) 71-58 despite 22 points by **Maurice Stokes**. **Mickey Wingard** paced winners with 24 points, had help from **Sam Green** and **Dick Ricketts**.

Tulane broke 50-60 tie in final three minutes, went on to hand Stanford first loss 67-62. **Jim Nowakowski** and **Hai Carvini** each scored 17 to top Green Wave.

North Carolina State's unbeaten Wolfpack noosed out St. John's 78-72 in overtime for ninth straight. Smaller New Yorkers outthrew State off boards but couldn't cope with 6 ft. 10 in. **Chf Dwyer** and 6 ft. 9 in. **Rennie Shavlik** in second session.

Loyola of New Orleans bottled up **George BonSalle**, used fast break, zone defense, last-minute freethrows to knock Illinois out of unbeaten class 72-66 after Illinois trimmed Rice 85-54. **Eddie Galvin** paced key-up Loyola with 22 points.

Louisville averaged 53% on shots, trounced Oregon 101-72 in free-shooting game. **Charley Tyra** was hottest Cardinal with 22 points, 17 in second half.

Duke got first-half scare from Pittsburgh, rammed home 55 points in last two periods to win 90-66. High-scoring Blue Devils were led by **Ronnie Meyer**, who

tallied 30 points before home-town fans.

Houston outlasted Missouri in double-overtime thriller, won 84-76 on accuracy from free-throw line. **Jack Foster** and **Don Boalchuck**, 7 ft. center, were stars for three-beaten Houston.

UCLA bounced back after San Francisco loss, edged Colorado 65-62, trampled New Mexico 106-41. UCLA had trouble with Colorado's **Burdette Halderson**, who scored 26 points, but well-balanced attack won for Californians.

Syracuse Nationals defeated N.Y. Knickerbockers 97-92 in overtime after 109-101 lead to same team, held slim lead in hot Eastern Division race in National Basketball Association. **Boston Celtics** lost twice but took advantage of slumping Philadelphia Warriors, who dropped four straight, to move into third place.

Fl. Wayne Pistons continued fast pace in Western Division, rolled over Milwaukee Hawks and Philadelphia to lead Minneapolis Lakers by substantial margin. **Rochester Royals** and Milwaukee trailed far behind.

FOOTBALL

Cleveland Browns put on tremendous offensive show, demolished favored Detroit Lions 56-10 to capture National Football League championship at Cleveland. Quarterback **Otto Graham**, who insists he is retiring, was brilliant star for Browns, scored three touchdowns, passed for three, tossed pithout for another. Lions' **Bobby Layne** tried 42 passes, completed 18 but stout Cleveland defense overwhelmed Detroit on ground, held defending titleholders scoreless in second half.

Norman (Red) Strader was signed as head coach by San Francisco 49ers, replacing **Lawrence T. (Buck) Shaw**, fired because he failed to win National Football League title in nine years. Veteran Strader

formerly coached St. Regis (Denver), St. Mary's, several wartime service teams, N.Y. Yankees of All-America conference, has been San Francisco scout since 1951. Co-owner **Tony Morabito** made no secret of desire to win championship but said "Red will still be here" if he doesn't win crown in first year.

Seath scored twice in last quarter, came from behind to nip North 20-17 in Orange Bowl. Miami's **Carl Garzigus** went over on short plunge in closing minutes for winning touchdown, shared offensive honors with Maryland's **Dick Bielek**, who outgained All-America Alan Ameche of Wisconsin 105 to 85 yards, was voted game's most valuable player. Oklahoma's **Kurt Burris** starred on defense for South.

Northern All-Stars edged South 14-7 in Blue-Gray game at Montgomery, Ala. Passing of Missouri's **Tony Scardino** and **Vic Eaton** led to touchdowns for winners in second and fourth periods.

BOXING

Robert Cohen of France made first start since winning world hantamweight championship in September, scored nontitle TKO over Roy Askrath when opponent refused to answer fourth-round bell at Paris. National Boxing Association withdrew recognition of Cohen, claimed champion had not lived up to agreement to defend against **Ramon Marinas** of Mexico in 90 days.

Harold Johnson of Philadelphia, third-ranking light heavyweight, felled Marty Marshall of Detroit in ninth, went on to win full 10-rounder at Detroit.

Kid Gavilan, who lost welterweight title to Johnny Saxton in Philadelphia fiasco last Oct. 20 (SI, Nov. 1), spoke out against Manager **Angel Lopez**, "I did not like what happened in Philadelphia ... I not fight for him any more," asked to be released from contract which runs until June, 1957. Retorted Lopez: "He lost to Saxton. For a young fighter, he fight like man old has me. I don't give his contract away. ... Lopez' asking price for contract: \$50,000."

HOCKEY

Montreal Canadiens won key game from second-place Detroit Red Wings 5-0, trounced N.Y. Rangers 4-1, retained three-point edge in National Hockey League standings. **Toronto Maple Leafs** were still third, while slumping Rangers, without victory in 14 games, managed to gain on fourth-place Boston Bruins who tied and lost to Chicago Black Hawks. Bruins named **Milt Schmidt** coach, **Lynn Patrick** to front office.

BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

(Variety of the Associated Press wires) poll: Team standings (last week, with points figured on a 50-90 A T G O D S E I basis (first-place votes in parentheses):

	Points
1—Kentucky (72)	563
2—North Carolina State (61)	567
3—La Salle (51)	467
4—Dwight (43)	466
5—San Francisco (43)	422
6—Illinois	403
7—Utah	330
8—Duquesne	214
9—George Washington	165
10—Michigan	146

AP Wire—Nov. 11, Missouri (125), 12, Alabama (124), 13, Loyola (102), 14, Southern California (97), 15, 1, UCLA (96).

SNOW PATROL

CO=orn snow; GR=granular; PO=powder;
IC=icy condition; HP=hard-packed snow; W= wet; HB=hard base; SB=soft base; NS=new snow; BC=breakable crust; BS=bare spots;
CL=trail or slope closed; DC=dangerous condition; UC=unbreakable crust.

NUMERALS REPRESENT INCHES OF SNOW



A late roundup of snow conditions in America from a picked group of local skiers

COMPILED BY BILL WALLACE

Skilling excellent in Northwest and New England. Northern Rockies having good luck, but Southern Rockies, Midwest, and California need more snow

NEW ENGLAND: FRANKCONIA, N.H.: 5 to 26 HB on Cannon Mt. with 2 to 6 PO on upper and lower trails, open slopes excellent. Middle Hardtachable, Tramway, Easy Way and Red Ball closed for construction and occasional BS. WILMINGTON, VT.: Mt. Snow now in daily operation with 1,800-foot and 3,790-foot monorail double chair lifts and rope tows. Bergin and pose testing trails with built-in shoulders, bumps and dips 7 to 20 rain-settled HB with new 4 PO. Reservations available at inn in Wilmington, Brattleboro and Bennington. WASHINGTON, VT.: Big Bromley good. 3 parked PO on 11 28 from G.H. Shin Cracker. Avalanche, Blue Ribbon trails good to excellent. DELINAP, N.H.: Pair on Phelps, good on Stone Bar. Red Hat with 2 NS on HB. T-Bar will be operated all week, chair if crowds appear, stove. VT.: All slopes good to excellent with 4 new PO on 21 36 HB. Chair lift, T-Bar, rope tows operating on Mansfield and Spruce Peak areas.

MAD RIVER, GLENN, VT.: 15-32 HB with packed PO surface make skiing good to excellent on all trails.

THORN CONWAY, N.H.: Mt. Cranmore fair to good upper area, fair to poor lower. Rattle-sake and Lower Arrow trails good. First snow trains from Boston begin Jan. 2.

QUEBEC: MONT TREMBLANT: 27-44 HB with 4 PO on top, skiing generally excellent. Towee HP with 4 PO on top, except for few rocks showing. Naves and Snowy Mountain HP. Tacheau, Flying Mile, Ryan Run, Kandahar (CL), Lac Beauport 2 PO on 25-30 HB at Lake Mt. with temp. 20 above. Skiing very good.

NEW YORK: WHITEFACE MT.: Best early conditions in year, some NS on 8 to 10 HP GR. Novices (and pros) may take comfort now that ski patrolmen have completed first-aid refreshers. Swiss ski school holding daily classes. LAKE PLACID: 12 to 14 HB, skiing good on all four slopes. Advance reservations advised. Olympic toboggan run open.

ADIRONDACK: Best December in area's history with Roaring Brook and Wannook trails drawing biggest crowds. 1 parked PO over 3 6 HB, best trails two-thirds of way up to bottom of mountain.

PENNSYLVANIA: LEHIGH: 2 to 18 packed GR over entire Laurel Mt. slopes; need one more snowfall to make conditions excellent. New trail, Dream Highway, seven-eighths of a mile long, now open.

MIDWEST: Mt. MITCHELL: Thin but here, but conditions fair to good on lower slopes. Some BS, IC on upper slopes. Need 4 5 NS for ideal skiing. New T-Bar operating daily, handles 800 skiers per hour.

NOVY, MT., MICH.: Heavy warm rains washed out skiing through most of state. Weather bureau predicts more snow this week.

TRINITY PEAK, N.D.: 4 PO on 12 14 packed PO and HB. All slopes are open.

NORTHWEST: Mt. BAKER, WASH.: Magnificent in the word for skiing under bright blue sky, 28 NS on 37 HB. All trails skiable with best on north slope of Panorama Dome and Austin Pass. Uncovered rocks on chute under chair lift, novices stay away. All lifts in operation, Peanut Hill open for the kiddies. Five

chains or snow tires to get here. Temperature 25 degrees and getting colder.

MT. HOOD, ORE.: Timberline area now 10 PO on 20 HB, making skiing excellent. Sky is clear, temperature 12 24 with light wind. At Govt. Camp, 8 PO on 16 base. All rope tows at summit operating. Best bet for beginners: Mt. Hood Ski Bowl, new chair lift now at work, opening Mt. N.C. Peak and Big Hill period with 15 PO on 49 HB. Plateau and Paradise also excellent with 15 PO on 45 HB. Traffic heavy, but no waiting at twin chair lift.

SNOWALAB: Mount Wadsworth, N.Y.: All towns open seven days a week, skiing excellent on main hill. Night skiing under lights Wednesdays and Saturdays with baby meter service provided for those attending ski school Thursdays.

ROCKY MTS.: STRAMBOUR SPINES, COLO.: 1 PO on 11HB upper near Emerald Mt., 10 HP lower runs, skiing good on both. WINTERHILL, MONT.: 10 PO fell on Christmas, covering 12 HB on upper mountain, 5 HB on lower. Limited space in lodges. Use snow tires or chains if driving.

ALTA, UTAH: Skied on all trails is excellent with 6 PO on 26 HB, 10-minute wait weekends for lift, no wait week days. However, most of northern Utah is blanketed by fog and Alta is only place where sun is visible.

ASPEN, COLO.: Snow beginning to wear, but skiing still good on main trails. Barkhorn, Touristville Park, Spar Gulch are best. Hill Mt. still closed.

WINTER PARK, COLO.: Skiing generally good on Bradley's Bush, Main Hatch and Lower Hughes, 11-15 HB on all slopes, all towns operating daily.

ARAPAHO, COLO.: 17 total at midday, some NS, skiing only fair. Main runs, some PO on open slopes. Lifts running daily. SUN VALLEY, IDAHO: Skiing good on Raily and Bull Dollar. Driving on Shoshone Sun Valley Road good. Temperature has been in upper 30s, skies clear.

SANTA FE, N.M.: Not enough snow yet for skiing, but skating rink is in full operation. BAFF, ALBERTA: Raily now 18-24 NS to make skiing excellent on main runs. Skies clearing, some PO on practice slope. Chair lift's chief value at present is for sightseeing.

PAW WEST: REINO, SWED.: Ski Bowl area has 50 HP and windblown on 12 HB. All facilities operating, need NS for really good skiing.

SAGUAW VALLEY, CALIF.: Continuing to play to capacity houses, with 2 feet packed PO on 6 feet of HB on top of mountain, 3 feet at base of mountain, i.e., skiing excellent. Best run is Flying Saucer lift area, which has 3 feet packed PO on 5 feet of HB.

MT. SACAT, CALIF.: No skiing here. 2 icy base and bare spots on upper slopes, but low temperatures promise snow, possibly this week. Nearby Mammoth Mt. getting same play with 4 feet packed PO.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other reliable sources

KEY TO SYMBOLS

FG=fishing good; FF=fishing fair;
FG=fishing poor; OG=outlook good; OP=outlook poor.

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

BONEFISH: FLORIDA: Six-year-old Carmen Alderman, wading flats near Miami with his father last week, hooked and landed a six-pound seven-ounce bonefish using a spinning rod and eight-pound line.

SABAH: Bones abundant on flats of North Hill. Andros Island and OG through January.

STEELHEAD TROUT: WASHINGTON: Season, Wyeoculka, Hungulika and Quinalt are slightly high and eddy color but shaping up. Puyallup producing fair fish on brass spoons. Skiyomish still yielding outside steels (but 25-35-pounder from Sabeto leads field).

ORIGIN: FF in most coastal waters as rain raises and cools rivers and OP this week.

CALIFORNIA: TOBIAS: Devore, 12, was fishing Davies Creek near Eureka from an overhanging tree last week, and hooked a fine steelhead, was eager to land it when earthquake shook him into creek and fish broke off. Gustals and Garde are good bets, with streamer flies productive on former; Sacramento is stealing next Corning and OG if weather holds.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Vedder producing some 20-pounders. Capilano, Serpentine and Coquitlam report FG. A fresh run entered the Quamash last week; Campbell River is best below the junction; Oyster and Courtenay rivers are fishing well.

CHANNEL BASIN: FLORIDA: Warriors River and Cow Creek (NW Fla.) loaded with redfish to eight pounds; upper St. Marks, Aucilla, Ochlocknee and Choctawhatchee should be good to excellent. Withlacoochee was jammed with ords with the junction; Oyster and Courtenay rivers are fishing well.

MICHIGAN: Biloxi Bay and Pascagoula River are good bets for fast redfish this week.

BLACK BASIN: LOUISIANA: FG and OG in swamp areas and bayou pits in the Red and Atchafalaya river valleys; in coastal areas abnormally low tides have fouled up freshwater fishing.

MISSISSIPPI: Biloxi Bay and Pascagoula River are good bets for fast redfish this week.

WAGGAPPELLO: FLORIDA: FG and OG in Waggapello and Clearwater, latter producing limit; OG through next week.

CALIFORNIA: FG on most lower Colorado River

reservoirs but Mohave Lake is producing a few five- to eight-pound bass.

TENNESSEE: Bass are medium-deep in Norris, Cherokee, Center Hill and Dale fields, and will strike slow-trolled spoon or plug.

FLORIDA: Withlacoochee, Choctawhatchee, Homosassa and Crystal rivers are productive in upper end of brackish water, with live shiners best bait. Extreme cold last week sent bass deep in lakes of NW and central state.

SNOOK: Mrs. Floyd Alford Jr., of Punta Gorda, Fla., took three George's relatives up Peace River last Wednesday and between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. they caught 53 snook to 16 pounds on live shrimp (but kept only larger fish).

WEAVER: MISSISSIPPI: Maj. Gen. Harlan Parks took an afternoon off from commanding Keesler Air Force Base last week to go fishing near Ship Island within sight of Biloxi and caught 12 speckled trout from two to four pounds; data on bait is classified; OG also in Pascagoula.

FLORIDA: FG at almost all Gulf Coast spots, with Withlacoochee (80 miles north of Tampa) and Aucilla rivers outstanding. Or try the Ochlocknee, where bridge above mouth, trolling a topwater plug.

SALIFISH: MEXICO: Anapalae charter boats averaging six ails on a tide, with blue water five miles offshore.

FLORIDA: Concentration along lower east coast continues but many raised fish are refusing to hit bait; OG through January.





YESTERDAY

GREAT RUN: WRONG WAY

AT THE 20-yard line Roy Riegels, captain-elect of California's 1929 football team, was running exultantly free and clear. In this Rose Bowl game, of all games, chance had picked him to carry California's destiny—a center, for once he had the ball. A touchdown lay ahead, but a nagging voice kept shouting at him above the roar of the crowd: "Stop, stop! You're running the wrong way!"

The voice belonged to Riegels' teammate, Benny Lom, who had been desperately chasing his score-happy captain for more than 40 yards. At the 10-yard line, Lom managed to grab him, but Riegels shook him off. "Get away from me," he shouted. "This is my touchdown." At the three-yard line Lom grabbed him again and this time held on. Riegels finally realized that something was wrong and turned around. But a wave of Georgia Tech men rolled over him, leaving him stranded and gasping on his own one-yard line. He had run 62 yards in the wrong direction, chased by Lom and an incredulous Georgia Tech team, to produce what was probably the saniest play in football history.

Up in the stands, radio announcer Graham McNamee sputtered incoherently into his microphone: "What's the matter with me? Am I crazy?"

He might well have wondered; and he wasn't the only one who did. It was early in the second quarter and Georgia Tech's halfback, J. C. Thomason, had fumbled the ball. Riegels recovered it on the first bounce and started to run with it (which today's rules would not allow), turning toward the Georgia Tech goal. He took a few steps, then spun to avoid being tackled. Suddenly an open field lay before him. The rest is history. Tackle Steve Baneroff, watching him go, yelled to Guard Bert Schwartz: "Boy, am I glad I didn't pick up that fumble! I'd have run the other way!"

Riegels' mistake, which set up the margin of defeat for California, inspired a massive mail. He was immediately dubbed "Wrong Way Riegels." One letter writer proposed marriage. Others wanted to arrange sponsorship of upside-down cakes, a backward walkathon, a necktie with stripes running the wrong way. Although the 165-pound center put in a fine season with California in 1929 (even making a few All America teams), he remained Wrong Way Riegels.

Now 44, Riegels is an executive of a large cannery, lives in a comfortable Sacramento home with his wife and two boys. "I used to be sensitive," he says, "but everybody else thought it was funny and I finally decided that all I could do was laugh with them. Sometimes my 10-year-old son calls me 'Wrong Way Riegels'—and I don't even spank him for it."

ROY RIEGELS' FLIGHT to perverse fame began when he picked up a fumble and spun to avoid tacklers (panels 1-3). As he streaked downfield teammate Benny Lom (in jersey 28) chased, begging Roy to turn back (4-7). Then (8) the runaway center turned around as Lom, having finally stopped him, fell.



MY HORRIBLE SUSPICIONS

Sirs:

I have followed your persistent efforts to expose the dirty business in boxing through successive issues of *SI* without, I must admit, much interest. That is until the Norris story. Looking through the papers for the next few days I carefully read what various local and syndicated sportswriters had to say about it and it slowly dawned on me that while they all devoted much spit and froth to *SI*'s efforts, generally belittling Thomas, not one of them mentioned the all-important central fact that *SI* had for the first time called Jim Norris a part of this dirty business. Now, I am a careful and prudent man and I am not going to put down the horrible suspicions I have regarding what, now I must assume, is a long standing relationship between the bosses of U.S. boxing and those that present their activities to the U.S. public. As I say, I am a prudent man and Norris has a circle of impetuous friends. But I am going to say that for the first time I am good and mad at the whole miserable, sordid and humiliating business. I am with you as long as you spare no one, if you have to keep hammering at it till Vol. XXXX No. 35.

WILLIAM FLANAGAN

New York

YOU NAME THEM

Sirs:

I have been talking to my friends about your recent articles on boxing and the result prompts me to write and tell you about it. In these conversations they all act surprised that Norris has not been named before and wonder how you latched on to this information. My God! Everyone who cares a straw about boxing has known this, or I should say suspected it, for years, ever since Jim left his dad's apron strings to play with the boys with sawed-off shotguns. No one before you, however, has had the guts to come out and say it. And thereby, as I keep telling my friends, hangs as sordid a tale as ever recorded in the history of American journalism—or should I say never recorded in journalism. I am not looking forward to the next few months if you are serious about your crusade; you will have to topple some of the idols and near idols of the American sports arena. But, I'll let you name the names.

FRANK WEIL

New York

LONE VOICE

Sirs:

Many, many thanks for the guts to stand up and call Norris what he is: part of boxing's dirty business. But keep this in mind in the weeks to come; you can't fight them alone. The sportswriters are against you because they've known of this for years without ever a peep from them. You must ally yourself with the commissions, the governors or the sponsors if you want any action. And that should not be too difficult. I am horrified to think what a few cynical promoters have let respectable companies in for: besmirching each week their hard-

won reputations by sponsoring, in an expectorantly naive fashion, some of the dirtiest goings on since the Black Sox scandals. The governor of New York should not be too reluctant to wash dirty boxing shorts in public.

Don't let *SI* be a lone voice in the wilderness. This is too important to all of us.

MORRIS KELLOGG

Des Moines

1905

Sirs:

... We are backing you 100%. ... We know the people in Chicago will bark you up. ...

LILLIAN AND HENRY LODWIG

Chicago

I REALLY MEAN IT!

Sirs:

Your boxing exposé in *SI*, Dec. 13 was just fine! Please, please—continue your honest and outspoken reporting. We have so little of it today, it seems.

My congratulations also on the breadth of coverage in sports you display. I wonder how many like myself, who were formerly absolutely cold to ice hockey, are now fans of the Montreal Canadiens (*SI*, Dec. 6)? All in all, you have by far the best magazine in the field, such a one as has been needed badly for years.

If there is anything we fans can do to help you in your fight with Norris, please tell us what it is—and I, for one, will do it.

KENNETH S. WALES JR.

Minneapolis, Mont.

P.S. I really mean it—all.

AND TWICE ON SUNDAYS

Sirs:

I was willing to believe Harry Thomas right up to the point where he belittled Max Schmeling's ability to really hurt him. Then I began to hold his whole story suspect.

Why do these characters always have to embroider their statements in such a patently absurd manner?

All he needed to say was that he lost deliberately. Instead, he has to indulge in such holism as "he didn't hurt me any more than my little son could."

To anyone who ever followed the careers of the two men at all, this remark is really gilding the lily!

Max Schmeling could have beaten Harry Thomas six nights of any week and twice on Sunday. He might not knock him out in every encounter, but of one thing you can be sure—he would have always hurt him!

There was nothing fake about Schmeling's right hand. Ask Joe Louis!

I am willing to concede, in spite of Thomas' foolishness, that the fight may have been fixed. The managers of Schmeling at that time were certainly not above such arrangements. ...

ERNEST M. POTTS

St. Louis

● See cut for Harry Thomas' smiling

face immediately after his defeat by Max Schmeling, Dec. 13, 1937.—ED.



THOMAS' SERVICE

Sirs:

SI has done it again. It was indeed gratifying to read Harry Thomas' timely and revealing article on some highly questionable practices in the boxing world. He has done a service to the athletic world and should be recognized for it. And, of course, *SI* should get its well-deserved bouquets for printing such a splendid story.

ROBERT G. LUKEMER

Pittsburgh

WARMING UP

Sirs:

... I must confess that the first issue or two of your magazine left me lukewarm—but now all the best and success in your efforts on behalf of better boxing.

G. R. DENNER

Regina, Saskatchewan

SETUPS AND PATSIES

Sirs:

... I am glad that a major magazine is devoting time to cleaning up one of the most despicable fields on the American sports scene. Boxing really needs a "box" in the ears. Setups, patsies and fix rumors are really degrading what could be as clean a sport as baseball, basketball or football. Baseball extracted a heavy toll from Jackson and the Black Sox, basketball took the privilege away from Groza and the Indianapolis Club, as did the pro football league in its scandal a few years back. Boxing needs to be cleaned. The above three mentioned sports remained clean with comparatively few hitches because the players themselves wanted the sport to be clean. ... The trouble with the ring sports is that the fighters themselves don't want the sport cleaned up. It is really too bad because the American public that supports it does want it cleaned. Keep up your work

on the Norris fix business and good luck in any impending law suit. . . .

East Rochester, N.Y.

TOM AQUINO

ON THE HEAD

Sirs:

Your article on Norris and "Boxing's Dirty Business" hit the nail right on the head. Keep up the good work. . . .

CLARENCE F. CHAPIN

Livonia, Mich.

WE BELIEVE IN YOU

Sirs:

WE BELIEVE IN YOUR SINCERITY IN SPORTS, PARTICULARLY IN BOXING. OUR FEELING IS THAT YOU ARE 100% RIGHT IN CLEANING UP BOXING. WE ARE BOTH ATHLETES AND VERY MUCH INTERESTED IN GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP. APPRECIATE YOUR EFFORTS TO KEEP GOOD INTERNATIONAL SPORT.

BURR GEORGE AND PETER DIX
SPOKANE, WASH.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Sirs:

I will never regret my charter subscription to SI. You really are putting out a great magazine.

I want to commend you for exposing Jim Norris' part in the boxing fixes and scandals. The American people should be grateful for the job you are doing. Keep up the good work.

ROLAND KUFFINGER

Billings, Mont.

ACTION!

Sirs:

I want to use this means to congratulate SI for the wonderful work you're doing in arousing boxing's "big wheels" into some action to clear up boxing's underhanded work. . . .

CLARENCE J. FISCHER

Stranburg, N.D.

MAKE THEM SQUIRM

Sirs:

I wish to tell you I think your magazine is one of the best sports magazines that is on the market today. But they are hard to get here. . . . It really tickled me to see a big magazine really knock Jim Norris, the boxing big shot, down to his right size.

Just keep up the good work and I'll bet it will make a lot of other people squirm. . . .

BOYD FLECK

Roaring Spring, Pa.

I FOR ONE

Sirs:

I have been reading SI for the last two months and I would like to express my views concerning your articles about boxing. It is about time that somebody has had guts enough to expose the crookedness and dirty work behind boxing. I, for one, am behind you to the end to wipe out all the money-hungry gamblers in boxing. I, for one, would like to see boxing as a legitimate sport and not as income for the biggest crooks in the world. Keep up your good work.

GORDON L. MEDKINS

Castro Valley, Cal.

WE'RE STAYING IN

Sirs:

Re Jim Norris wrangle. It is inconceivable to me that a mag like SI would print the story unless you had the facts nailed down. Denials by Norris mean nothing unless he, too, has documented facts. After all, the youngsters coming along in the sport are the ones who really need some airtight protection from those who manage and control the sport.

Keep punching and never mind the belt-line. When you're wrong, admit it; when you're right, stay in there.

BOB HIGGINS

Southampton, N.Y.

SIGNIFICANT!

Sirs:

I notice particularly that in all of James Norris Jr.'s denials of your "fix" story that he says not one single solitary word about the challenge for him to submit to a lie detector test!

Significant?

WILLIAM ENKOW

Syracuse, N.Y.

PIN THEIR EARS BACK

Sirs:

Being a subscriber to your magazine, I want to take this opportunity to express my opinion (for what it's worth). Your magazine is great, and one of the best on sports in the field. Commenting on the articles in last week's issue, and the newspaper stories of this week I am glad to see that someone has enough guts to hit at a guy who's as big and rich as Norris. You will, I hope, meet him in court and pin his ears back.

ANDREW D. SCHAIDLER

Glen Ellyn, Ill.

YOU'RE CONVINCED ME

Sirs:

I just saw an article in today's paper saying that Jim Norris wanted to sue SI for \$5 million.

Harry Thomas in his SI article, however, convinced me Jim Norris is part of boxing's dirty business. I don't believe that Jim Norris will win his argument because I'm positive that a man like Harry Thomas, who has taken a lie detector test, has a wife and children, and wants boxing's dirty business cleaned up, was telling nothing but the truth in his article.

Good luck to SI in this hot argument on boxing's dirty business.

SIDNEY KIRSCHNER

Cleveland Hts., O.

● As this issue went to press no suit had been filed.—ED.

OLYMPICS: FROM MICHIGAN

Sirs:

It is not surprising that the Salt Lake City Olympic Training Plan created by William D. Cox and explained in SI (19th HOLE, Dec. 20) was enthusiastically received by the AAU and the Olympic Track and Field Committee. It is a plan based on voluntary enrollment on the part of the athletes which will adhere to our standards of amateurism. There is little doubt that athletes and coaches concerned with international competition will support this plan 100%.

If our Olympic athletes can be provided with sound coaching and good practice facilities during the summer of 1955 and 1956, some of the most serious problems we face for the 1956 Olympic Games will be solved.

Those who ponder our Olympic Games future, as pointed out in my article, *Russia Will Win the 1956 Olympics*, (SI, Oct. 25), are concerned mainly with three problems:

1) The absence of summer competition and training necessary to prepare our athletes for Olympic competition in the late fall of 1956.

2) The lack of concentration on many Olympic events (i.e., steeplechase, hop-step-and-jump, etc.)

continued on next page



"You mean I own the casino?"

3) Increased voluntary public support, financial and otherwise, of our Olympic program.

At last report, the American public was contributing to the Olympic fund on an unprecedented scale. The Salt Lake City plan, if carried to conclusion, will do much toward solving some aspects of all three problems.

We must assume the Russians will improve as much from 1954 to 1956 as they did from 1952 to 1954, and the Salt Lake City plan is a big step toward seeing that we do the same. William Cox and Salt Lake City should be congratulated on a concrete plan that will certainly aid our Olympic athletes.

DON B. CANHAM
Track Coach
Univ. of Michigan

Ann Arbor

OLYMPICS: NAVY ANSWERS

Sirs:

Russia may win the 1956 Olympics but not the men's track and field part of it. To most Americans the Olympics mean men's track and field, plus rowing. And Rusty Callow may have something to say about the latter, as he did in 1952.

There is always someone worrying about our track men losing interest in the game. I was worried some years back myself and wrote to Dan Ferris suggesting some focus-point for the indoor season that would stir up interest. He wrote back and thanked me for my ideas but he thought things would work out all right. Sure enough, a lot of new men appeared on the horizon and indoor track had one of its greatest seasons.

There is talent in this country right now that will produce the greatest team ever assembled by the U.S. or any other country. I have never seen such an array of talent as has been produced in the high schools of Southern California alone. In 18 months some of those kids are going to be terrific, especially if they can take advantage of the "Cox plan" (19th HOLE, SI, Dec. 20) which sounds like a very smart idea to me.

The AAU has recognized that we must have more summer competition and is making plans to that end, I understand. That is one thing we have missed in the past several years. Back in my time and before there were always a lot of "pot hunting" meets and the summer concluded with the National AAU championships. I feel that some of those meets should be resurrected and the AAU and other big meets be held at the end of the summer, especially in 1956.

Michigan's Don Canham (see letter above) is a fine coach but I feel he is too pessimistic. Perhaps I am too optimistic, but I think it pays off, if one works at it hard. Of course, there are times one must control his optimism and that time is coming for me next spring when Navy, Penn State and Michigan meet in track at Penn State. I'll be Mr. Pessimism himself then.

E. J. THOMSON
Navy Track Coach

Annapolis, Md.

FUTURE ATHLETES

Sirs:

We, the freshman class I at London High School, have decided to send a donation of five dollars in the form of a check to the United States Olympic Fund.

We are sending you this small sum of money because we hope to have future athletes. Also we believe in self-government because we are living that form of government every day as athletes and citizens of London High School.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS I
London Public Schools

London, O.

● SI, on behalf of the Olympic Fund, thanks the freshman class.—ED.

VOLLEY OFF HOPMAN

Sirs:

... Harry Hopman's article is one explanation of why there are huge crowds at tennis matches in Australia. I know Harry well, have played against him in doubles and admire his coaching ability. The way he slams both Australians and Americans prompts me to assume that he will step out as mentor after the Davis Cup matches this month. Can you imagine an American football coach prognosticating so confidently? We must give Harry credit for getting his charges to adopt the big game which Budge and Kramer showed them. ...

Harry should be reminded that even at our ball games objectionable hecklers are escorted out by the police. Nobody in the USLTA has ever considered all the people at Australian tennis matches poor sports. There has been a feeling that a few noisy hecklers have been allowed to remain in their seats or on their feet at the tennis matches in Australia. This has not worried me because I feel that the top players in any sport should learn to concentrate and to avoid being petulant.

PERRY C. ROGERS
Secretary, USLTA

Exeter, N.H.

RARE SPECIMEN

Sirs:

Please send me the markings, height and weight of Lianne Kelly, whose picture appears in PAT ON THE BACK, Dec. 20. Believe me, in 20 years of assiduous golf watching I have never seen a more perfect specimen.

FREDERIC B. CLEAVES

Evanson, Ill.

● 5'8 1/2"-140-35 1/2-25 1/2-87. Hmm! And eyes of blue, too.—ED.

A GOOD THING TO HAVE

Sirs:

Thank the Lord! Finally a national sports mag has given something more than passing attention to the fastest-growing sport in the country—skiing.

I have read both your articles (Skiing in Europe and Skiing in America) and they are the best yet. My compliments to your staff; they have at least been on skis before. Other magazines read as if they sent the boxing reporter out to cover a race and that he didn't like the cold. Consequently the story was written in either the bar at the lodge or in the city, miles from the snow or even a hill.

Also bouquets to you for telling people that the skiing in the West is good, too. In the past all I have ever seen about skiing had to do with some dinky little area in the East, where the hills would be called "school hills" out here.

Keep up the good work, and I shall ex-

pect your usual excellent coverage of the coming races this season.

JAMES EPPERSON

San Francisco

BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

Sirs:

... My weekly issue gave me an idea for what could be THE battle of the century.

In SI there were some excellent photos of a fight between a mongoose and a king cobra. ...

... Now here is a match that has real possibilities and with the prize fight game in a pretty sad state I believe a round robin between some of India's better mongeese (mongooses or whatever they are called in groups) and some of our own big diamond-backs could work up some real interest among the fight fans who like their action fast, mean, and no fixes.

Might have to hold the battle on a barge. Like prize fights used to be held in this country, but that would undoubtedly add extra interest, like getting a drink during prohibition or stolen sweets.

Maybe you could arrange to let Jim Norris Jr. raise the winner's hand, especially if it is the rattler.

ROD MCCURSEN

Glen Burnie, Md.

A PERSONAL RECORD

Sirs:

I read your article *Think and Lift* and enjoyed it very much. It proved very interesting to me. Even being a weight lifter myself I never paid too much thought to concentration. But after reading your article I went downstairs and tried it out. I made a new personal record. I agree with you—it was the best weight lifting story I have read. By the way, what lift is that Noek Schenckman is using 400 lbs. for? Looks like the press. ...

Keep up the good work.

NATHAN SCOTT

Philadelphia

● No, clean and jerk.—ED.

CONFIDENTIALLY

Sirs:

On behalf of a great many fellows who were Bob Harlow's close pals and who worshipped the guy, I want to thank your paper and particularly Herbert Warren Wind for the grand story on Bob.

Confidentially, as one who was fairly close to Harlow and Hagen for a long, long time, I think Bob's job in running interference for Walter and in directing the talented Hagen's destiny pretty much opened the road for all professional athletes to come into polite society and high solvency.

Also in elbow-against-elbow bar intimacy I might say that I have been very much interested in and impressed by the way in which you are finding the right answers pretty well in setting an editorial pattern for SI. I thought it would take you about four years to really find out what the formula would have to be. That's about the best I could expect of anyone, but to my delight and in my own private opinion you are doing a much better and faster job than I expect any other genius could do.

HERB GRAFFIS
Editor
Go/ing

Chicago



"After the Hunt"
by William Horne
Baker Institute
of American Art

"IN HUNTING, the finding and killing game is after all but a part of the whole. The free, self-reliant, adventurous life, with its rugged and stalwart democracy; the wild surroundings, the grand beauty of the scenery, the chance to study the ways and habits of the woodland creatures—all these unite to give to the career of the wilderness hunter its peculiar charm."

Theodore Roosevelt

A replica of this painting and message, on heavy paper, suitable for framing, is available upon request. Send a postcard to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Dept. 11, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

You're So Smart to Smoke Parliaments

A woman wearing a vibrant red jacket is shown from the chest up. She is holding a single white-filtered Parliament cigarette in her right hand. In her left hand, she holds an open pack of Parliament cigarettes, which is tilted to show the cigarettes inside. The pack is light brown with the brand name 'Parliament' in a large, stylized font. The background is a solid, deep red, matching her jacket. The overall aesthetic is classic and elegant, typical of mid-20th-century cigarette advertising.

Parliament's exclusive
filter mouthpiece and superb blend
of fine tobaccos give you
filtered smoking at its best.

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